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ISSUE > 2

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DEPARTments

LETTERS

03

STRANGE fruit

06

Getting Behind the Future

by Lisa Palac

EXPLORING THE DARK SIDE
OF YOUR MOON.

HANDS-On

08

Love is the Smart Drug

by Heather Mackey

APHRODISIACS IN THE RAVE AGE.

unCovered

10

What, Me Impotent?

by the not-that-late Richard Pacheco
FORMER PORN STAR RICHARD PACHECO
TALKS ABOUT THE UPS AND
DOWNS OF REEL LIFE.

WHAT'S EATING You?

12

The Nature of Male Desire

by Ian Shoales

A BRIEF HISTORY OF GETTING HARD.

SEX IN the news

14

She Strips to Conquer

Photography by Cristina Taccone
FEMINIST WRITER LAURA FRASER ACCEPTS
THE FUTURE SEX CHALLENGE TO TAKE IT
ALL OFF.

FEATures

Getting it On-Line 40

by Gary Wolf

ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT COMPUSEX
BUT WERE AFRAID TO DOWNLOAD.

INTERView

The Sugar Daddy of Sexware 22

by Lisa Palac

AN INTERVIEW WITH MACPORN PRIME MOVER MIKE
SAENZ.

PHOTOgraphy

The Cybersex 2 System 28

From the minds of REACTOR

STRAP IN, TWEAK UP, TURN ON.

Thursday, 8:32 PM 16

by Cameraboy on Assignment

LOVE UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

Dionysian Meltdown 32

by Egon DuBois

DECADENCE DRIPS FROM HER FINGERTIPS.

Portfolio 44

A COLLECTION OF NEW EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

fiction

Cake 50

by Amy Wallace

SHE LIKES YOUNG TRADE, ROUGH TRADE
AND A BIT OF KINK.

A Taste of Brine 54

by David Aaron Clark

"I FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF HER THIGHS QUIVERING
WITH THE EFFORT OF LETTING GO."

REVIEWS

58

colMix

Family Values Night 63

by J. Bailiff

Morality Play

by Phoebe Gloeckner



How about a QuickieTime?



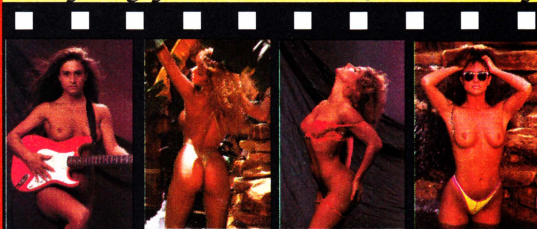
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PUBLISHERS

Martin Leung, William Weiss

EDITOR

Lisa Palac

ART DIRECTION

Curium Design

SENIOR EDITOR

Laura Miller

MULTIMEDIA EDITOR

Allison Diamond

COPY EDITOR

Paul Kretkowski

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Susie Bright, David Aaron Clark, I. Castle, Paul Kimball, Heather Mackey, Ian Shoales, Richard Pacheco, Carol Queen, Julene Snyder, Cary Tennis, Amy Wallace, Gary Wolf, Bob Zelman

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Robert Adler, Michael O'Callahan, Bill Knowland, Egon DuBois, Eric Kroll, Cameraboy, Vincent Fronczek, Steven Knoll, Tracy Mostovoy, Christine Rosholt, David Sheppard, Steve Smith, Cristina Taccone, Spencer Tunick

COVER

REACTOR

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

J. Bailiff, John Borruso, Phoebe Gloeckner, Paul Lee

STYLING

Jim Avila, Deena Davenport, Stephanie Rosenbaum

DISTRIBUTION MAVERICK

Michael Johnson

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Mark Auleta

TALENT COORDINATOR

Solomon Chavez

CREATIVE CONSULTANT

David Latimer

INTERNS

Diana Cage
Jessica Mott
Solange Sondrine

ADVERTISING

Industria Media Group
(415) 626-3633

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Fearless

I recently saw the premiere issue of *Future Sex* and was very impressed. The style and format seems a bit grittier (and more alive) than *Yellow Silk* but takes sex—and writing about sex—in a similar, serious way. It seems there might finally be a more mainstream magazine that sees the myriad possibilities of sex fiction. Most sex editors seem to be afraid of any kind of porn that isn't at least as boring and empty as the last thing they published.

P.T. Duncan
Arlington, VA

The Perfect Sex Machine

I found the first issue of *Future Sex* to be the perfect combination of industrial information and adult erotica; something that has been needed for quite some time.

There seem to be only two types of "adult" publications available on the market today: sports/young executive (*Penthouse*, *Playboy*) or raincoat sleaze (*Hustler*, *High Society*). Both have their audience, but I have found photo magazines to be more erotically charged than either of those two choices. The human female body in, whatever shape and form, is the most perfect "machine" when portrayed as sensually and explicitly as you have here. It confirms my belief that there are still people out there who know there's sex in art, and art in sex.

Ted McKeever
Miami, FL

A Completely Irrelevant Matter

I'm writing a response to satiate my disappointment. The only portion of the magazine that I read was the editorial. The rest I simply viewed, flipped through, to find a stimulating visual. Your mag is no more than an idea that has not been developed; its structural concept...unrefined. It lacks...imaginative effort.

Effort; to even make remotely interesting or even supportive of its said key subject matter: advanced/futuristic sexual activities & practices. Other than two fictional stories and an article under TECHNOLOGY everything else within the issue was is totally and completely irrelevant matter. I saw nor saw into no images of the guiltless freedoms you wrote of. NO men and or women coupling, or of homosexuals, or of thickly penis [sic] she-males, bondage and dominance, fist/tit/anal lusting, bestiality, Kama Sutra and so on ...Not even a comical image of a 30s styled [sic] robot groping a fair space maiden's personables. Do dream of the fantastic. Of unobtainable realities. Your audience still waits to see what your title may bring... FUTURE SEX. For your magazine visuals are an essential... more so than any hack writing.

Maxwell Conton
Bronx, NY

Crossing the XY Divide

Congratulations on the premiere issue of *Future Sex*. The look is stunning, and the "Natalie" pictorial by Craig Morey was beautifully lit and imaginatively photographed. It (and I

suppose, she) fit my definition of erotic. I was impressed that she seemed like a real person, someone I might meet in the real world (dream on, guy!) and that her individuality was allowed to come through unfiltered by some bogus editorial tyranny about "what the audience is looking for."

I was definitely encouraged by the notion that some people are beginning to realize the potential for erotic material that bridges the gap between men and women. The sexual revolution has polarized men and women enough. It's time for some bold souls like *Future Sex* to start rebuilding the links.

There's been a lot of guilt tripping going down over the XY divide and many people I know seem to be willing to settle for living alone, fucking inanimate objects and accepting solitude or casual "safe" sex as substitutes for the mythical "cosmic bells" that we thought would ring out of The Revolution. Good sex is about risk. AIDS just makes it that much more critical to have good fantasies which enhance connecting. The only thing that ever connects in smut is flesh. That's my defining line between porn and erotica: it must transcend flesh. It's a shifting, subjective line just like the rest of the great censorship debate about indecency. But it's a good one to focus on if you're trying to build bridges.

Curt "Clay" Young
San Francisco, CA

Femchismo

Welcome into existence. My applause on an interesting and classy first issue.

Your concept is very forward-thinking. Hopefully your publication will help pave the way for new thinking on many sexual subjects. My personal pet peeve is that in our society women's sexual expression is so suppressed; it's considered feminine to be coy, unfeminine for a woman to express her sexual feelings openly.

I look forward to the day when our society can accept, within the definition of being feminine, a woman (like me, perhaps) going into a nightclub, spotting an attractive man at the bar, going over to him and saying: "You look hot. I came in here to find somebody and get laid. I'm horny right now. Want to go somewhere and fuck?"

Nancy Kendall
New York City

The Lexicon of Love

Regarding the model known as "Salonge" in your premiere issue:

Since the name "Solange" or "Salonge" has the meaning of: "Good Shepherdess," as a male I would suggest that "Solange" or "Salonge" by way of her sexuality, serves to "shepherd" the female of the human species into that very aspect which the cover seems to imply, the female of the human species is the very backbone of all creativity! And that is as it should be as that area shown coverwise is known as: Logenge of Michaelis, small of the back, sacrum, etc. "Michaelis" means "like unto the lord" (creativity)! Am I far too advanced in the realm of "cutting edge erotica"?

Carrol N. Atchley
Ventura, CA

No, but you are too advanced toward Venice Beach.

Exploitation for Sale

In a magazine allegedly signaling a future filled with quality sexual materials, I was surprised and disappointed by John Shirley's "Post Cards" spread (premiere issue). The presentation of prostitutes from Third World countries lapping up white men's "jizz" to wash away their liberal guilt, and enjoying this "Third World survival trait," was completely tasteless, particularly in view of the fact that 25 HIV+ prostitutes from Bangkok were recently dumped in the ocean.

I'm the first to admit that these images and ideas generate sexual excitement in many people, even those who are ethically opposed to them. But is arousal potential the sole criteria for what goes into a sex magazine? This and other disturbing questions were raised by your choice to publish this kind of piece — questions that have plagued me since I penned and sold my first pornographic story several years ago.

So while I champion freedom of expression, and continue to create sexual materials, I can't kid myself into believing there are black and white answers to the ethical questions raised during the course of my work. It's not enough to expose attitudes — you also have to analyze them. I look forward to the next issue of Future Sex, which will hopefully contain some intelligent dialogue on these kinds of issues.

Marcy Sheiner
Oakland, CA

John Shirley responds:

I am accused of being brutish toward Third World women because one of the "Post Cards" I wrote refers to the sexual exploitation of Thai prostitutes and remarks, "They actually seem to like it. Third World Survival Trait" As to that...

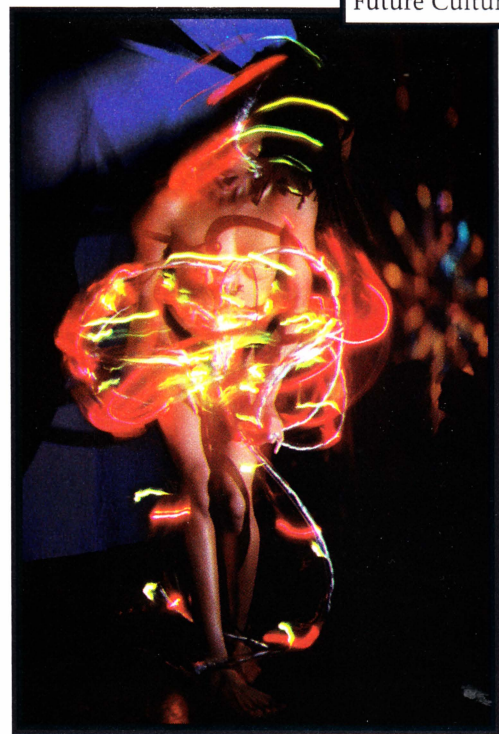
I'm not at all surprised that the Politically Correct have an undernourished sense of satire to go with their shriveled sense of humor. The irony is, I was trying to convey exactly the same sense of revulsion at the use of Third World women. I agree completely with those who deplore it, and always have. The sexual image in this piece was intended to be grotesque. But some people have conditioned themselves to respond in such a knee-jerk way they don't see the obvious.

More, More, More!

It sure is nice to be getting something new from the otherwise humdrum world of sex mags. I enjoyed the photos (these women are not your typical blow-dried bimbos) and teasing my noodle with some tantalizing texts.

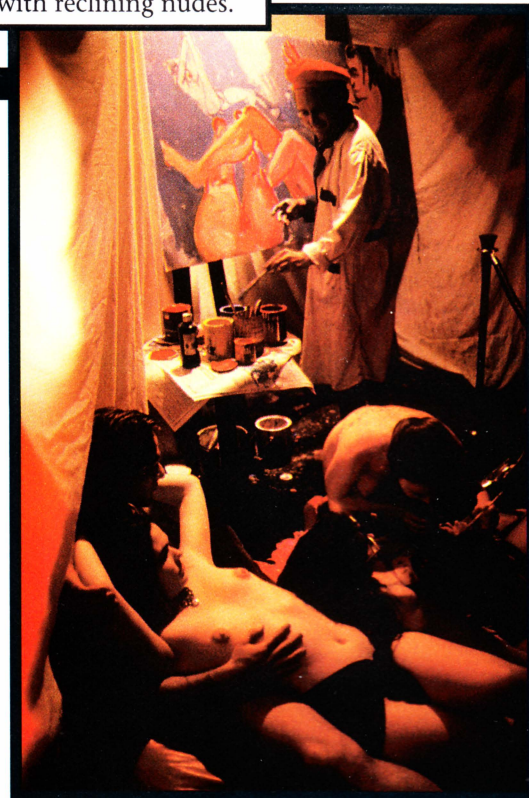
But overall, your first offering was not as compelling and arousing as I hoped it would be. My suggestions are: more, more, more! More art that's sex art. The distinction between high erotic art and low hardcore porn is completely bogus! What we need are photos that incorporate all the elements that make up a powerful photo—lighting, composition, styling, setting—merged with the taboo elements of sexual fantasy. More photo spreads with couples—even groups! I really think it's about time that men are portrayed as hot objects of desire, instead of just faceless hunks with big dicks.

John Berkowitz
San Francisco, CA



Bill Knowland

Still life with reclining nudes.

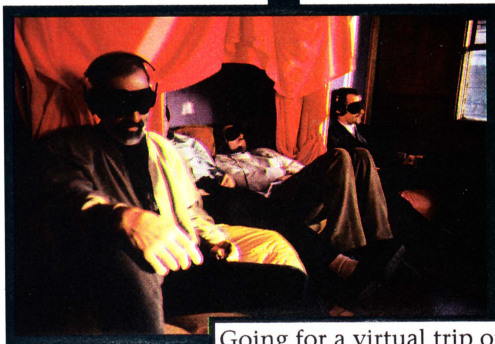


Bill Knowland

The Cyberlesque Party was produced by Joegh Bullock, Marcia Crosby and Mark Petrakis of PARTY SCIENCE.

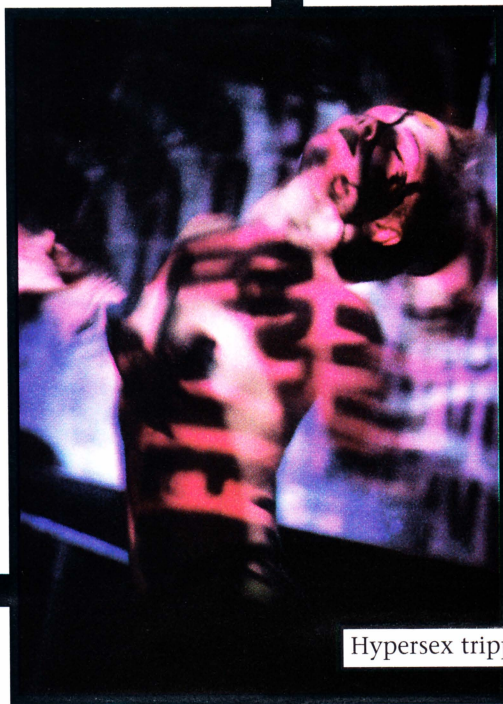
the

CYBERLESQUE party



Michael O'Callahan

Going for a virtual trip on *Cyborgasm*.



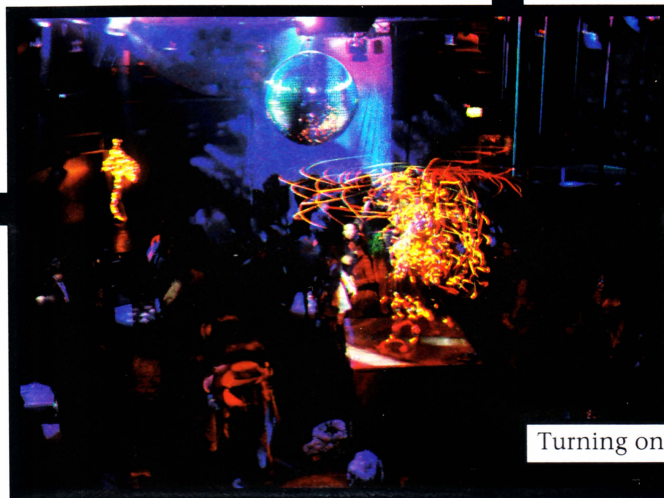
Hypersex tripping.

Vincent Von Fronczek

Doubles in the bubble bed.



Bill Knowland



Bill Knowland

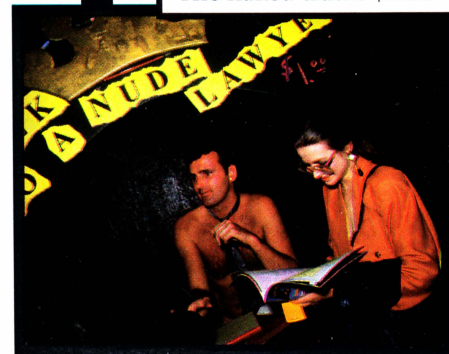
Turning on at 1015 Folsom.



Gender jamming.

Michael O'Callahan

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Vincent Von Fronczek

Getting behind the Future

by Lisa Palac

The last sexual frontier isn't some intergalactic tactile data fuck: it's your ass.

INTERGALACTIC
TACTILE DATA FUCK

Even in today's allegedly sex-educated world, most people squeeze their buttcheeks protectively together

and look *faux* shocked when asked about anal sex. Responses

"That must hurt!" to "Isn't it unsafe?" with "It's

so kinky!" whispered in between. This practice usually gets

billed as the most uncomfortable act at the end of a long, angry road, like "I can't take another four years of getting fucked in the ass by the Bush administration!" The truth is, few feelings can compete with the utterly serene contentment that comes from a good buttfuck. So if you've got world peace on your agenda, or just need a better stress-mangement program, I suggest you bend over.

Like any other sexual activity, personal preferences prevail and there's nothing *wrong* with you if you believe your ass is a one-way street heading out. However, I believe much of the disinterest and downright revulsion for anal sex stems from misinformation about the practice itself. So let's set the record straight.

Today, the number one question rolling off every heterosexual's tongue is about the risk of HIV transmission (the virus that causes AIDS). Medical professionals view anal sex as more risky than penis/vagina sex because the rectal tissue is more fragile and prone to tearing than, say, a woman's vagina, or the inside of the mouth, and the HIV virus can get into the bloodstream through such a tiny tear. Is it safe to have anal sex? Wear your rubbers and the answer is yes. Look, the only way to get AIDS through anal sex is to have unprotected sex with someone who is HIV-positive. Unless you're sure that your partner is HIV-negative, you should always use a latex condom during sex—anal, or otherwise. Of course if your object of desire is battery operated or grows on a vine, all you need is a good lube.

Pain is another popular reason people avoid anal sex. They're afraid it's going to hurt. Well I'd be a liar if I said



The editor does the humpty.

sticking a cork in a dry hole feels good, and that's why you must pass the personal lubricant. Water-based synthetic lubes, natural vegetable oils, even plenty of good 'ol spit will do the trick. No vaseline or any kind of oil if you're using condoms. Steer clear of long fingernails, pop bottles, light bulbs and gerbils and you should be on your way to nirvana.

But wait—isn't anal sex also dirty and unsanitary? Hey, shit happens. Get over your potty fear with suds and a hot washcloth. Should you encounter a few brown specks while

you're playing around, how about acting like a grown-up and making a discreet visit to the nearest bar of soap when it's all over with?

However, it isn't only the physical obstacles that make people clam up, it's the psychological ones. For some women (sigh) acquiescing to anal sex is the decisive step on the road to full-blown slutdom. Backdoor romance will undoubtedly transform any self-respecting Pollyanna into a cheap, degraded whore. Nice girls do not take it up the ass.

Men act even more ridiculous. Straight guys seem to think that bending over—even for their girlfriend—will absolutely turn them into limp-wristed, flaming fags. I've heard them scream, "I'm not gay!" more times than I care to remember. I've tried explaining to them that getting their asshole licked, fingered, or fucked does not mean they have to march in the Gay Day parade, but my words usually fall on deaf ears and tight asses.

During one particular battle with my friend Norm, I kept sneaking my hand down to his crack, but he kept slapping my hand away. You'd think I was turning out a virgin the way he was carrying on about not letting me cop a feel. Our banter shot back and forth like gunfire.

"Oh let me just put a finger, my baby finger, up there. It'll feel good," I cooed.

"No it won't, I know it won't, so don't even try!"

"Oh please, baby baby please!"

"Stop it, you rapist!"

"Worrying about
what's normal
spells instant
bed death."

After a while, this ticklish tease turned sour. Lying back on the bed, legs crossed and both hands tucked underneath guarding his precious bubble, he blurted out the awful truth: hemorrhoids.

Alright, now I wanted to see them. "Absolutely not!" What was I, his proctologist? I suddenly got the sneaking suspicion that he was lying to save his ass. Later I discovered that I was right.

It's completely deplorable that misinformation and social stigma keep us from enjoying really great sex. By labeling specific sex acts as "too queer" or "too dirty" we're strangling our erotic potential. Worrying about what's normal instead of what feels good spells

instant bed death.

In case you were wondering, *normal* sexual energy comes in two flavors: masculine and feminine, with both sexes having some of each. It doesn't mean she's macho or he's a femme, it's about erotic give and take. And in this sense, ass fucking is the great equalizer. When men are being fucked, they are in rare submissive form. They trade in control for vulnerability, and the erotic tension it creates is incredibly sexy. For me, it's different from giving him a blowjob or being on top during sex, because the center of pleasure isn't his penis (although stimulating his prostate might give him an erection). Most men don't come just from anal stimulation, so you can bypass goal-oriented orgasm, and enjoy the road trip.

The same goes for women. Giving yourself up like this can turn waiting for the Big O into a well-spring of mind-altering erotic sensations. Look! An erogeous zone you never knew you had. Contrary to totalitarian sex belief, this is not just another passive receptacle position. When you're stretching the limits, you have to pay close attention to the physical signals and verbal cues about what feels good. This means you might have to (gasp!) talk during sex because your lover isn't a mind reader.

Unlike other kinds of sex where our muscles tighten up, and we breathe faster and harder until we're begging for it, anal sex is about complete relaxation. It is not a race. You take deep breaths, listen to Leonard Cohen, visualize the Grand Canyon. You work it in slow until you're filled to the brim and let yourself get completely undone. Then start pushing your other pleasure buttons until you're ready to bungee jump right off the planet.

And when you bounce back, the world will definitely seem like a much calmer place.



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LOVE *is the* Smart DRUG

by *heather Mackey*

The wannabe director in me likes to pretend that my sexual fantasies are always "Soon to be a major motion picture." One of my latest is called *Eightball*, starring me with a huge supporting cast that ranges from faceless hunks to the occasional coworker. It's my fantasy, but sometimes I let Robert Altman direct.

In this one, a diabolical sex maniac captures people and shoots them up with *Eightball*, a designer aphrodisiac, and watches them run around in this underground castle. The idea

here is something like *120 Days of Sodom* transposed to the Rave Age (less French, more fun). Anyway, once you're loaded with *Eightball*, all you want to do is fuck and fuck, and you do, because you have to—you're on *Eightball* and you're trapped in this drippy labyrinth and you're wearing a very revealing corset.

The kicker is that a drug like *Eightball* may not be too far in the future. New research into brain chemistry, coupled with the human potential movement and some savvy entrepreneurs, has resulted in the booming industry of "smart" drugs.

Smart drugs are substances designed to make your brain work better. They increase brain functioning by stimulating neurotransmitters, so that the communications system in your

head works more efficiently. People use them for a variety of reasons, but if smart drugs can help you dance all night or concentrate on getting an important task done, they can certainly be used to enhance your sex life.

Smart drugs are divided into two camps: prescription strength and over-the-counter. True smart drugs are actually pharmaceuticals, used to treat people with conditions like Alzheimer's, Parkinson's or senility. Smart nutrients are simply mixtures of amino acids and other vitamins and minerals supposed to help your synapses fire faster. Choline, an amino acid that reportedly helps memory function, is one of the most common ingredients in smart formulas. Another is arginine, which often shows up in smart concoctions designed for weightlifters and other athletes. Supposedly men who take this before bedtime notice that they're waking up with erections an hour or so later—rough on a guy's beauty rest, but certainly a nice surprise for whoever's around to share. Which brings us to the latest application of smart drugs: smart aphrodisiacs.

Aphrodisiacs can be many things to many people. I never really believed that oysters made you hornier, but the placebo effect of pretending they did sure made for some fun seafood feasts. Growing up, I remember the major substances that got people into bed were alcohol or pot; substances I always thought diffused sexual energy. Using them, the borders get fuzzy, your defenses drop, you're less inhibited and suddenly, whoa, you're having sex. But each time I've had sex in combination with alcohol or drugs, the experience, while pleasurable, has always been a little voyeuristic. Like, "Check it out, they're having sex down there." I just never felt it was really me doing it.

The new aphrodisiacs work differently. Instead of disinhibiting you, they focus you. Using products designed to increase your general alertness and concentration, the reasoning goes, you will be able to focus more on sex. As one smart drug user I talked to put it: Fewer anti-aphrodisiacs in your head means more real aphrodisiacs in your bed. Which sounds like a very 90s way to do it.

My own little experiment with smart aphrodisiacs went something like this:

Me: Hey, I got this assignment where we have to mix drinks and have sex.

Him: Wow, when can we start?

Me: Soon, but right now I'm tired. Let's fall asleep and do it in the morning.

See, my problem is by the time I get to bed, all I really want to do is sleep. And in the morning all I want to do is sleep, too. A formula with ephedra (natural speed) which has almost as much caffeine as a cup of coffee, is therefore right up my alley. Amazingly, the smart drink formulas we tried (with nutrients like choline, arginine, thiamine) did wake me up almost immediately. Step number one towards getting it on.

On our first tries we were a little too scientific. We mixed drinks like Smart Products' Fast Blast, which recalls astronaut food like Tang in taste and texture, and sat around sort of making out but always stopping to ask stupid questions like, "Feeling anything?"

The thing is, I swore I felt a difference. About 20 minutes after taking Smart Products' Rise and Shine formula, I felt a little more there, almost a little tingly. I also felt a slight headache, like an exercise headache. And best of all, I felt pretty concentrated on the task at hand—like, I am here to have sex, godammit!

Under these conditions, sex felt like a very healthy, good-for-you thing to be doing. The exercise

headache made me think I was exercising. The powder and the water made me think of formulas from health food stores. Sex took on the positive aspects of working out, only I was getting a therapeutic orgasm to boot.

Whether it was the placebo effect or not, the erotic sensations felt stronger. There was more going on with my fingertips; I could feel more skin, chest hair seemed bouncier, organs more user-friendly. Maybe my smart drink was working, and maybe it was just an excuse for me to pay renewed attention to a long-term partner.

An easy way to temporarily heighten skin sensation is with plain old niacin supplements. Taken in the right doses, nicotinic acid opens capillaries and increase surface blood flow producing something called a niacin "flush." When I tried it, I felt hot and a tiny bit uncomfortable—which explains why niacin is known as the health-food equivalent of Spanish Fly. One niacin user counseled moderation: If you're not used to taking it, start with 100mg and slowly work up. If you take more than that to start, you're going to feel the burn. I think her exact words were, "You'll feel like a lobster in a pot." Ouch.

I'm sort of a wimp when it comes to "real" drugs, so I didn't actually try out any of the pharmaceuticals some people are using to enhance their sex lives. These drugs are difficult to obtain.

Some are available only by prescription, others through mail-order companies in Europe (if you buy no more than a three-month's supply at a time and specify

that it's for your own use only). If you have connections in the world of smart drugs, they may be easier to find. One of the most common drugs is vasopressin, a nasal inhalant that delivers a sock of pituitary hormone. A shot of this before sex, or better yet, right before orgasm equals, in the word of one user, "an absolutely guaranteed" enhanced experience.

Actually rewiring your brain chemistry on a long-term basis is another story altogether. Drugs like deprenyl (used to treat Alzheimer's and Parkinson's patients) or dopaminergics like L-dopa (which affect levels of the neurotransmitter dopamine) work in a roundabout way by increasing the chemicals that regulate aggressiveness, libido, and general horniness. Some people, using themselves as guinea pigs, have reported that regular use of dopaminergics makes guys in nightclubs look more attractive. Whether this is a positive thing remains to be seen. But the things I've read about the side effects (nausea—even death when combined with amphetamines or Ecstasy) have effectively quashed any desire to try them. I think I'll just stick with candlelight dinners and 92 vintage Fast Blast instead.

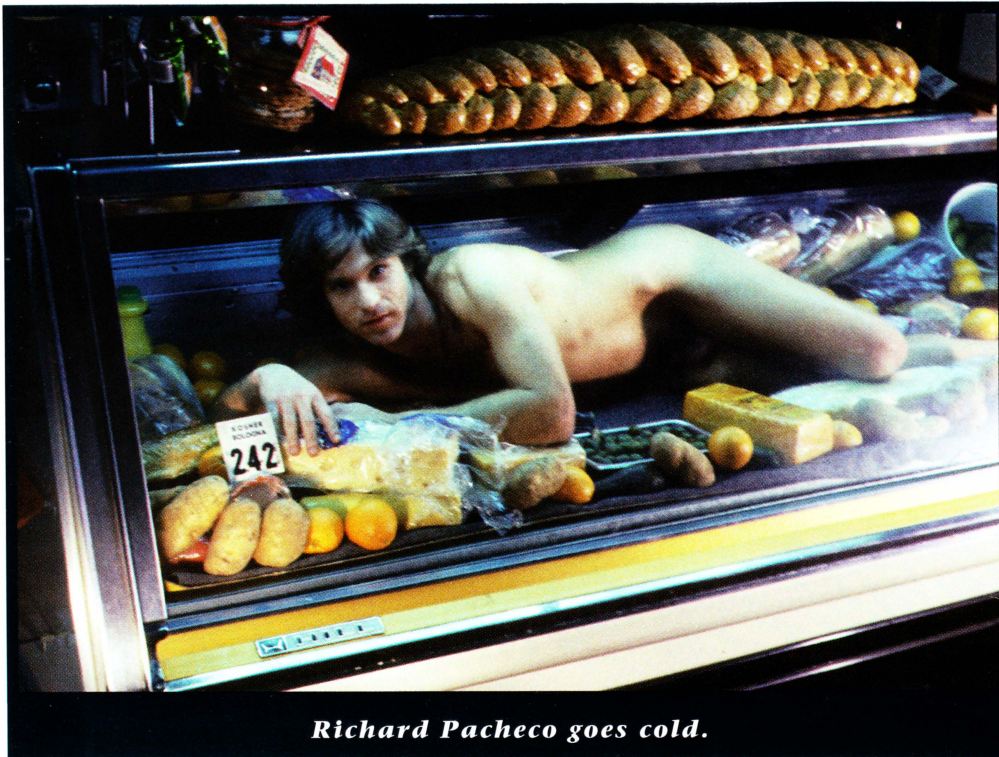


Heather Mackey is a San Francisco writer who's always willing to try the latest nutritional supplement.

uncovered

What, *me* Impotent?

by the not-that-late **Richard Pacheco**



Richard Pacheco goes cold.

Courtesy of Richard Pacheco

crowd was heavy. It was performance anxiety of the worst kind; I was so afraid that I wouldn't pass this Olympian test of manhood. There I'd be, naked in front of everyone, my dick refusing to take direction and feeling utterly helpless because there's nothing I could do about it.

You can fake your lines, but you can't fake a hard-on. Whatever expression I'd leave on my actor's face, this struggle going on inside me was so intense that I often had difficulty breathing, let alone getting a boner.

As it turned out, I was not much of an exhibitionist. I saw firsthand how exhibitionism could work like a drug. Most of my colleagues got an extra kick by having people watch them fuck. I got nervous. The make-up, lights and cameras only added to it. Like most men, in the beginning I was just there to get laid. The gawking eyes and the filmmaking stuff were truly in my way.

I was so scared before my first sex scene that I broke out in huge red blotches all over my body. I thought I had poison oak. My doctor said it was all hives. In what may have been the understatement of the decade, he observed that I was nervous.

That first sex scene was in a movie called *The Candy Strippers*. I was supposed to get a blowjob in a closet. Foreplay consisted of the director telling this cute little blond woman to drop to her knees and take my dick in her mouth. I closed my eyes and hoped for the best. After all the anxiety, the moment of truth had finally arrived.

Surprise, it was good. It was real good. My dick engorged like any normal dick might under such a pleasant circumstance. Say hey, this was easy. Why had I sweat so many bullets? I got cocky. I started looking around the set at everyone's eyes. 'Nice of you to come to my blow-job,' I was telling jokes to myself. I couldn't believe that I was going to get paid for this! Cock-a-doodle-do, my brothers and sisters, cock-a-doodle-do! How does the ancient saying go, "Pride cometh before the fall"?

"Move a little to the left," said the cameraman. "Sure," I said. "Move a little to the right," said the lighting guy. "No problem." I was having a wonderful time. Speaking of time, it just flew! They were always loading and unloading film, adjusting some light or changing somebody's microphone. Before I knew it, two hours had passed. My penis had been up and down ten times.

The business of being a movie stud was not always the dip in Hefner's hot tub that outsiders would assume. Let me just tell you that at the beginning of my career, this stud was a dud.

Getting aroused on cue proved to be a most inexact science. You could put the make-up on your face, do the sit-ups for your body, memorize all your lines and become another DeNiro, but you couldn't guarantee that there would be a bone in your boner come game time. No way.

I learned early in my career that having sex for the cameras was like opening up a candy bar that somebody else was going to eat. It wasn't real sex, it was theater. It was the concerted effort of some ten to thirty people to show the male and the female of our species in some parody of lust. It was a game played with the real demands of human emotions and the real meat of physical love. It was the toughest game I ever played.

Performance sex is a game won by confidence. It's being able to say yes to pleasure under bright lights and the incredible pressure of movie-making. I perpetually experienced a war between my fear and my desire. The idea of being a sex star was thrilling, but the pressure of having to fuck in front of a

That's when I realized that the suckee was having a lot more fun than the sucker. She had been on her knees with my dick in her mouth for a very long time. I may only have imagined it, but I thought I heard her make noises like she'd rather be bowling. While I was engaged in this observation, the director intoned, "Okay, now come."

Now come? Is that what he said? Come? I kept turning over his words in my mind as the young woman's head went into some kind of piston-like high gear on my dick.

Whoa, whoa, this was all wrong! I wasn't ready for that. Arousal started slipping away from me like dry sand through the fingers of a clenched fist. Wrestling with the secret knowledge that this girl didn't want to be doing this anymore, I stopped feeling any pleasure at all. Guilt took me by the hand and said, "Hello, I'm about to seriously fuck with your head." My erection faded like cigarette smoke. My dick grew ominously numb. I wasn't looking deep into anybody's eyes anymore. I was speeding toward a full panic.

In that moment, the enormous gulf between personal sex and professional sex opened up before me. The trigger to this chaos was that I felt guilty receiving pleasure when I knew my partner no longer wanted to freely give it. In real life, we could have swapped roles, stopped altogether, had a bagel or gone bowling, but this was the movies. This wasn't love or even lust, this was a job. We weren't lovers, we were strangers. We were employees. We were required to finish the scene the way it was written, the way the director told us. Time was money. The same rules of romance did not apply.

You've got to understand that once that kind of panic starts, it doesn't really matter how you got there: once you're there, you're there. I felt like I had tight, invisible belts around my chest and loins. I couldn't breathe. My starlet was at least committed to earning her pay, but she munched on my soft dick with all the charm of a clerk bagging groceries. It remained an exercise in futility. I had the painted woman fantasy right there in front of me and could do nothing about it.

All I could feel now was sense of failure. Trying to hide my fear only made me feel ashamed. My face was burning. I did not want to be seen, let alone filmed. I was no longer a man. I was nothing. I was less than nothing. It was an awful place.

They decided to break for lunch. Lunch!? Were they kidding? I spent the entire time locked in a private bathroom trying to convince my dick that sex was really good. Even in private, I could not function. For the first time I realized the disassociation possible between a man and his penis.

After lunch, we took up our positions in the closet again. It was more of the same failure. After three more hours, the set had that irritable feeling of people stuck in an airport overnight. After four hours, some people were sleeping and snoring. The director was staring at me—and waiting. I don't think I ever even saw him blink. I sat there, ingloriously in the center of them all, idly flipping my dead weenie about.

By then I was beyond shame, I was just broken. I had totally given up on my fantasy of becoming a porn star. It had obviously been a big mistake. Sorry. I didn't even care if they paid me.

After five hours, my co-star had fallen asleep with her head on my thigh. She had sucked herself into oblivion. I just

sat there continuing to wiggle my dick anyway. After I had given up, my thoughts drifted back to the first girl I ever made out with...

"In stress, we regress..."

I was back in her playroom again. The Kingston Trio was on the record player. It was 1962. I could smell her perfume. I could feel her hot breath. I remembered my first glimpse of her wondrous pussy.

Slowly, renewed life began racing through me. Wait a minute, it might be a mirage but no, it was real heat...and I was so cold. I pumped myself up and clung feverishly to her memory. The blood of first lust returned my cock to life.

I don't think anybody even noticed until I started to stand up and my starlet's head went clunk on the hard floor. She awoke dazed and looked around remembering where she was. I deflated like an untied balloon.

I was able to recover and pump myself back up again, but every time she touched me, I'd lose the erection. In an inspired moment of utter genius, the director told me just to masturbate myself to orgasm. He directed the kneeling star to stand by and not touch me until after the first spurt of ejaculation began. Then she was supposed to move in, grab my dick, and do all those things that porn starlets do with a volcanic cock in a state of eruption. In a few moments, the elusive deed had been done. As I dribbled my last drop, I imagined the cheering of millions.

I went home, wrote 80 pages in my diary, and slept for two days. I only wish I was exaggerating.

Later in the week, I returned to take part in one of those obligatory orgy scenes which were part of every X-rated movie in those days. Why did I go back? Well, the job wasn't finished. They had hired me for two days and they claimed they still wanted me. It turned out that with nine other naked men and women sucking and fucking and sharing the pressure, I had no trouble functioning at all. I discovered that I was situationally impotent; when a situation was wrong, my dick grabbed the car keys and went home early. I learned to avoid these situations.

To this day, actors who cannot get it up and get it off with some degree of consistency are quickly discarded after a few times around the block. What an amazing initiation it is for the fraternity of porn actors! A lot of unsuspecting male egos get shattered under the bright lights when their mighty swords turn to jello. Some guys recover and some guys join religious cults. Male sexuality is not necessarily the truck-driving hardness that stereotypes would have us believe. The brain-to-penis circuit is a living, breathing connection vulnerable to an entire cascade of stimulating or debilitating intrusions.

Whether in the movies or real life, the ability to say yes to sex calls on all five senses. The greatest gift—and curse—given to men is that the body doesn't lie.



Acclaimed X-rated performer Richard Pacheco "died" several years ago when his family responsibilities brought about an unfortunate end to his promising career as an actor on the adult screen.

"I sat there idly
flipping my dead
weenie about."

The nature of Male Desire

by Ian Shoales

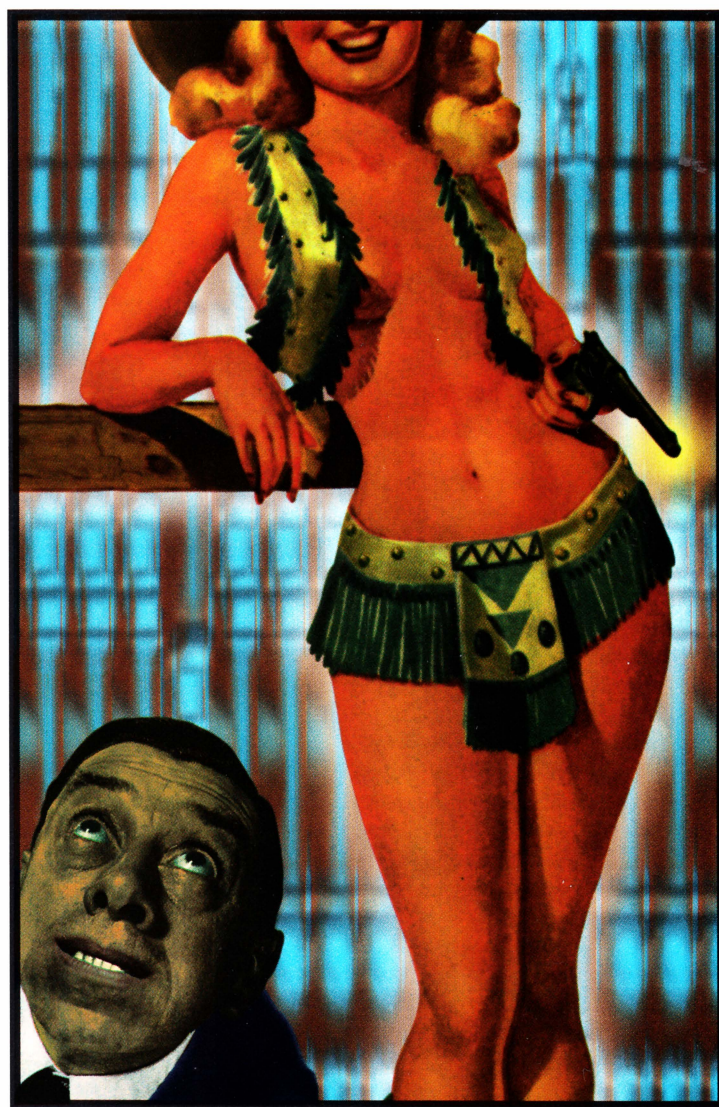
A bachelor farmer at the County Fair shuffles shyly in the dirt as a former Miss July dances naked in a sideshow tent. A jaded aristocrat sits hunched in his library, poring over Japanese prints of thick banyan-like penises enveloped by labias the size of palm fronds. There's the Marquis de Sade penning pathetic revenge fantasies as a revolution rages around him. There's some anonymous Victorian unleashing John Thomas on an eager maid in the gazebo: "Sir, I spend! I blush!"

What gets men hot? A masked face in a stag reel, a comic book siren with breasts like blimps, tawny South Seas women in the pages of *National Geographic*, the ubiquitous Bettie Page and the up-for-anything cyborg gal in the pornotopia of our unimaginable future. Such are the spuds in the stew of male libido. Hubba hubba.

For men, some images never lose their erotic power. Show us a nurse without underwear or a hypnotized co-ed, and our gonads churn up enough sperm to populate a small island. Men can get hard at the drop of a merry widow, yet they usually end up watching it drop alone. That's because women tend to wonder, "Why are you watching that instead of me?" To co-opt a feminist phrase: Women just don't get it.

Sure, women enjoy the occasional knee-trembler in the foyer, but most of the time they prefer white wine, flattery and foreplay. Women want lovers to *pay attention to them*. Even male lovers. Attention from men? Who get into a fistfight over binoculars if they spot a woman sunbathing? Ha! Men are haunted by hooters. The mere glimpse of a milk gland can make a guy quiver. This is a serious barrier to intergender intimacy. And it makes men easy marks, pushovers for the male-identified genre we call porno. To prove that point, a little history.

1952: One hot August night at the Slue-View Drive-In near Biloxi, Mississippi. Elliott Forbes, the eminent hygiene commentator, stood on top of the concession stand and solemnly told everyone that the film they were about to see, *How Babies are Made*, was a study guide for married couples and should be



John Borruzo

viewed accordingly. Steamed car windows quickly cleared up as the male viewers realized that not even a necktie was going to be loosened in the goddamn thing. In fear of his life, Mr. Forbes (in reality a New Jersey carnie named Short Mort) hastily slapped on a one-reeler, *Oh, Natcherelle* about a stripper who finds personal freedom through nude volleyball. And thus modern pornography was born.

1959: *Homina Homina Wool!* premiered in Chicago. "Chuckles" Tannenbaum, an invisible janitor at an all-girls school, inherits a pair of x-ray glasses. Even though this movie

treated its audience like demented ten-year-olds, they loved it! They didn't even mind Mr. Tannenbaum's comic shortcomings. The fourteenth tired double-take and leering "Lookit the headlamps on that flivver!" got the same insane whoop of laughter as the first.

1968: *Danish Love Girl* hit Times Square and suddenly foreign movies had an American audience. Sure, they had to move their lips over subtitles like, "Come here then, man-thing. I am your stiffened flesh desiring," but their mental discomfort was overcome by the lack of inhibition displayed onscreen by nubile Scandinavians who, in real life, would never have dated them in a million years.

1978: *You Only Come Twice*. America had gone porno in a big way by the time this picture came along. Spy Jane Blond, who had a License to Spill Seed, worked her way through horny counterspies and bad puns to achieve peace through global orgies.

1988: During the eighties, porno lost all production values, but gained quantity. By the end of the decade, you could buy a tape for \$9.95 at the corner Mom & Pop. Thanks to the proliferation of VCRs, anybody with a camcorder could find a market. Penny-pinching entrepreneurs produced thousands of videos of skinny women with big hair going down on homely guys in San Fernando Valley condominiums.

The 90s: So what has porno come to? Unlike Hollywood productions, in which talented actors pretend to have sex, pornography features untalented actors actually having sex. Though it leaves nothing to the imagination, pornography requires two conventions to achieve its peculiar reality. First, constant availability. People never flirt in porn. They enter the condo, toss off underthings like Big Mac wrappings, then go at each other in positions both cost-effective and photogenic. Second, a male participant must show his seed. At the climactic moment, he pulls out and squirts lust's proof on his partner's stomach. This is called the money shot.

In the 90s certain things have changed. Video cameras have become cheaper, giving rise to pornographic home videos. Strangely, however, these amateur videos try to duplicate the cheesiness of "traditional" porn. We see swinging housewives pretending that they are untalented actors having sex. It's a mystery to me why a plump housewife from Van Nuys would fake an orgasm for all the world to see, talking dirty for the camera with the patently false enthusiasm of a badmouth babe on a phone sex line. But in this age of AIDS, I guess hetero male fantasies come cheap. Even Hollywood is nervous, backing way off on sex scenes and concentrating its efforts on killer robots from the future. The voyeurs among us have to make do with tabloids: a telephoto peek at Fergie's breasts or a congressional love nest.

What does the future of porn hold? I predict both the do-it-yourself trend and the recession will continue. But women will get fed up with whispering, "I'm so hot and wet," in a husky voice. They'll get out of skimpy teddies and into some warm flannel. They'll insist on removing spike heels when they hit the sack. Males will then be forced to become both producer and participant. As we go digital, I predict men will create and plug into cyberspace worlds populated by sex-crazed Amazons, to experience a lust-filled universe from a woman's point of view. A man will actually be able to enter a woman's body and feel what she's feeling. This interactive gender-bending will spill over into real life. Men will start wearing giant Sensurround female fleshforms. Nine-foot-tall "women" will sashay down the street, squeezing their own enormous breasts, and shouting, "Bigger 'n yours, dude!" at random.

What final effect this will have on heterosexuality, I don't know. But I'll bet it spells death to the white wine industry.

"The mere glimpse of a milk gland can make a guy quiver."

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Timothy Leary

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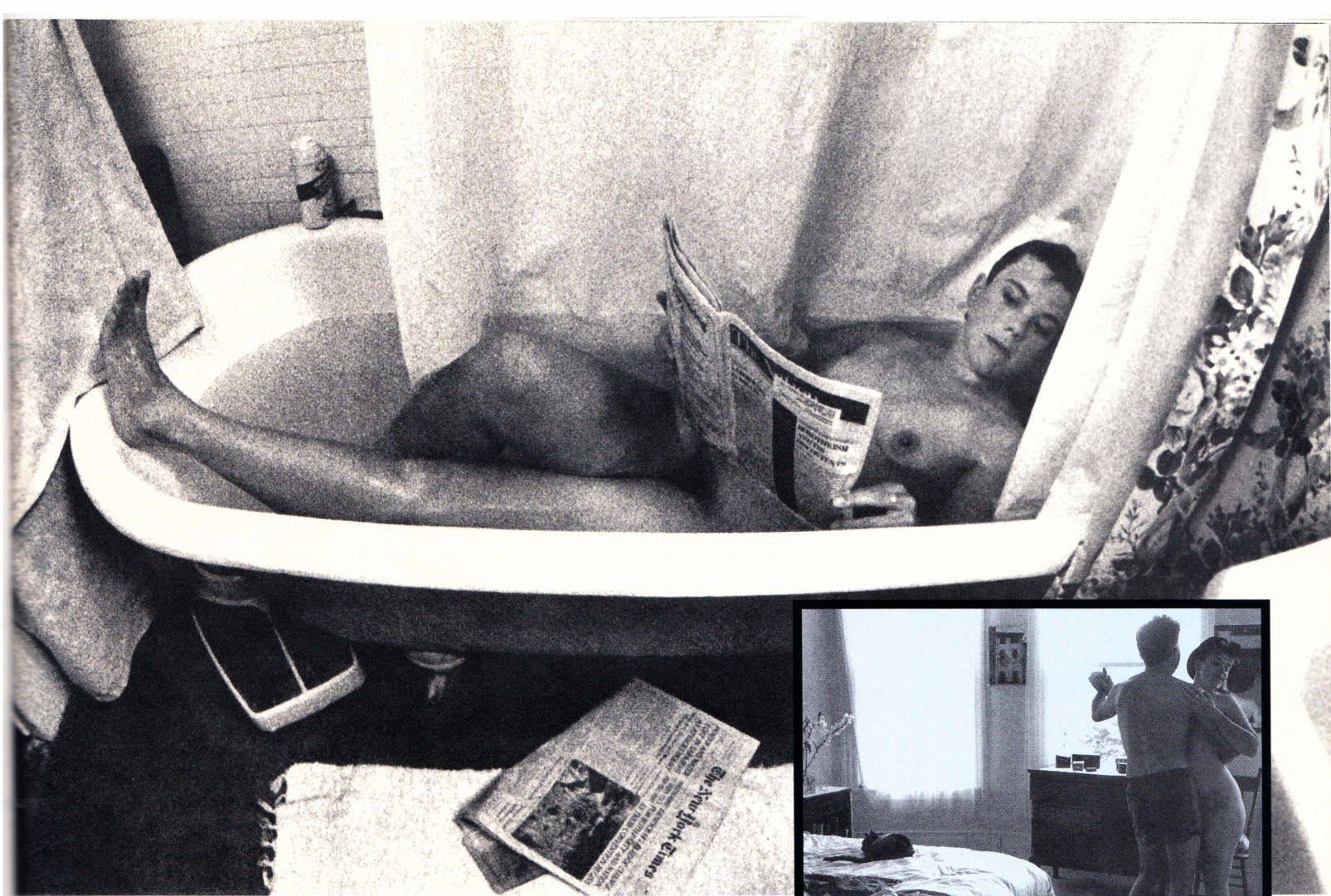
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Ian Shoales is a cyborg humorist in San Francisco.

She Strips to CONQUER

Photography by Cristina Taccone





Laura Fraser doesn't like *Future Sex* magazine. "There's no political consciousness behind this, just a marketing strategy," she wrote in her feminist commentary column, published in the hipster pages of the *SF Weekly*. "I'm so sick of the one image of the acceptable, perfect female body that I'd be willing to pose just to see a body like mine."

We couldn't let an offer like that go by.

Most liberal, anti-censorship critics don't think porn is wrong, they just hate everything they've ever seen. These self-appointed erotic experts could all do better, of course, but they would never put themselves in front of the camera because a) it's so sleazy, b) everyone will see it, and c) they're too fat. Laura Fraser, however, is the first naysayer to put her muff where her mouth is. Even Gloria Steinem wouldn't take off her bunny costume.

Now, you could spend time pointing out the flaws in these photos: a) oppressive romanticism, b) hiding behind flannel robe, c) no spread shots, but why? We applaud Laura Fraser for having the courage to just do it. We hope our readers will do the same.

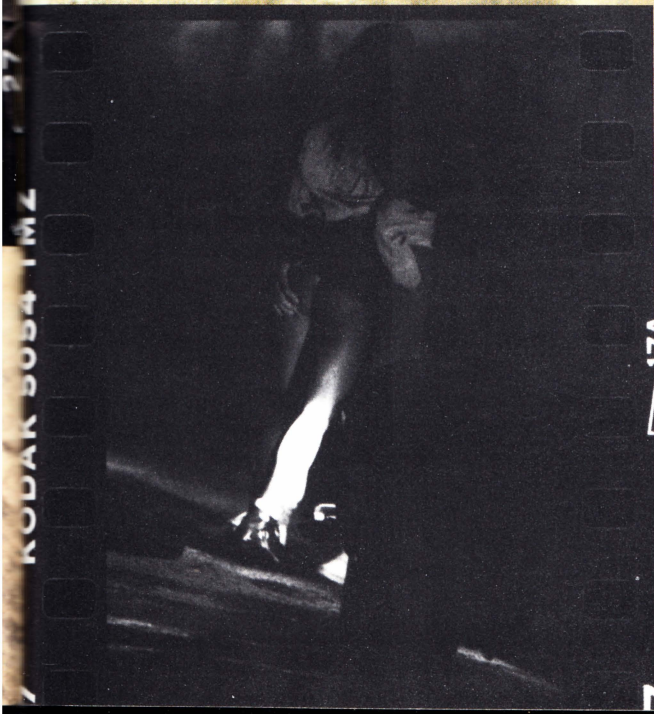


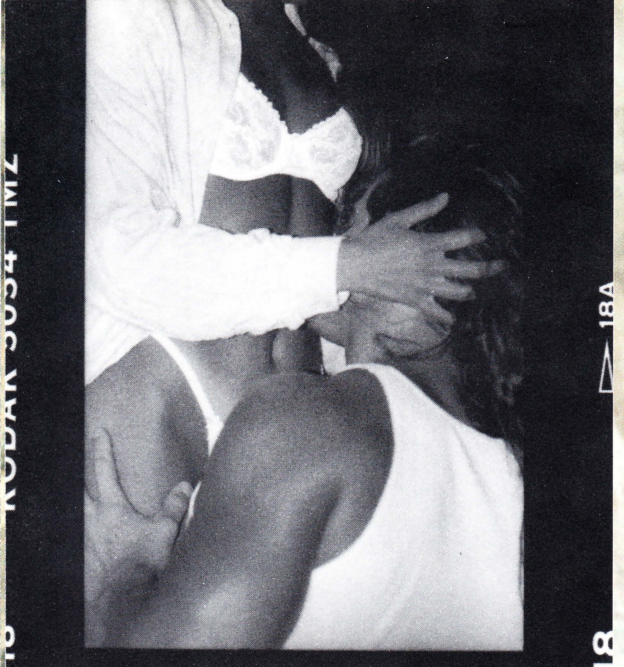
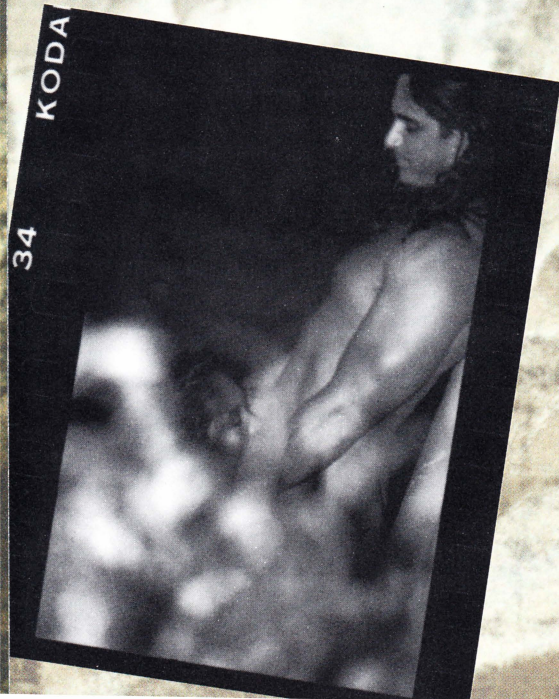
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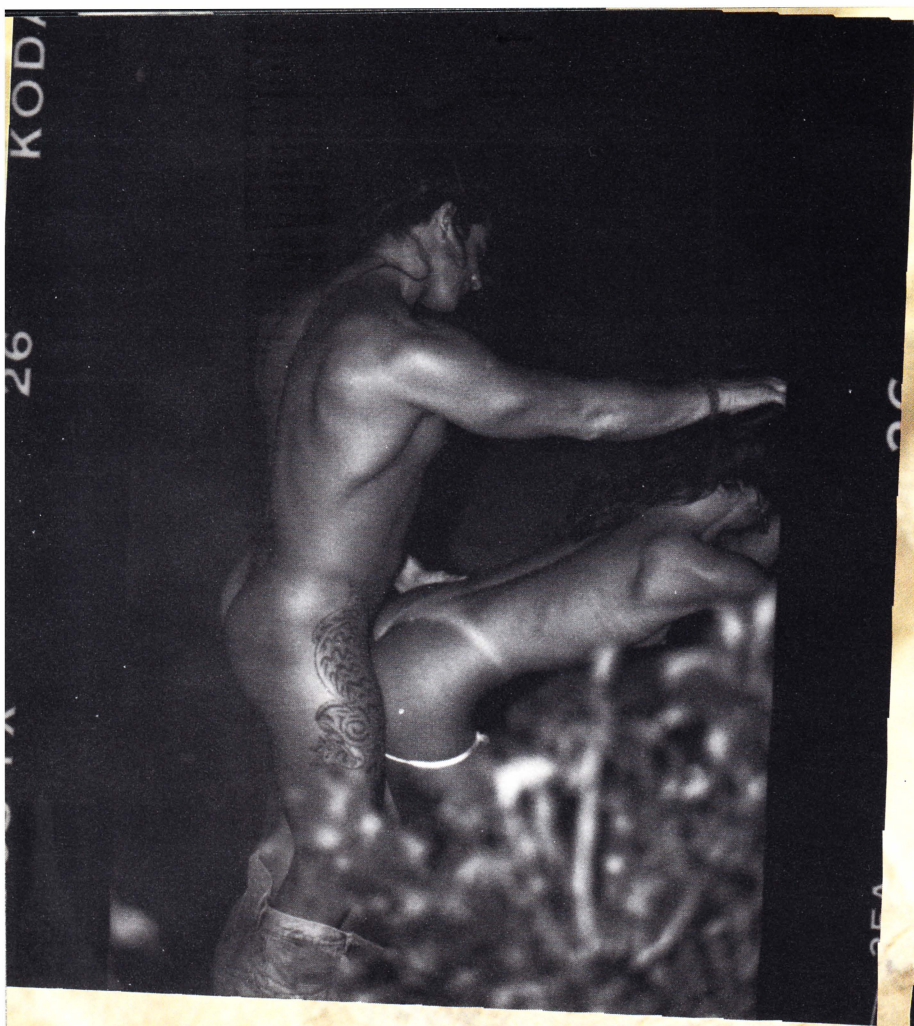
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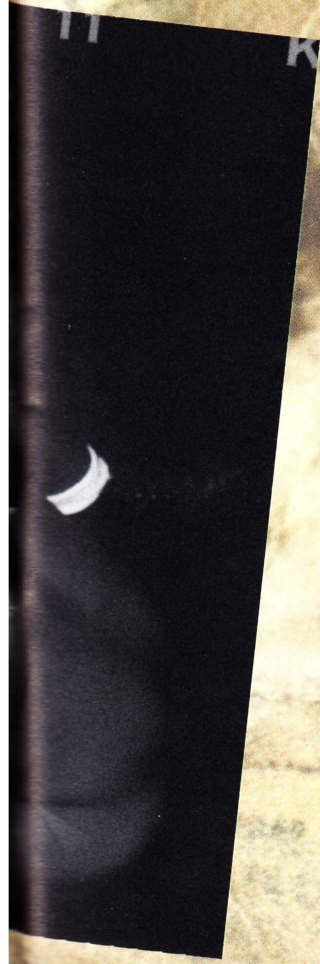












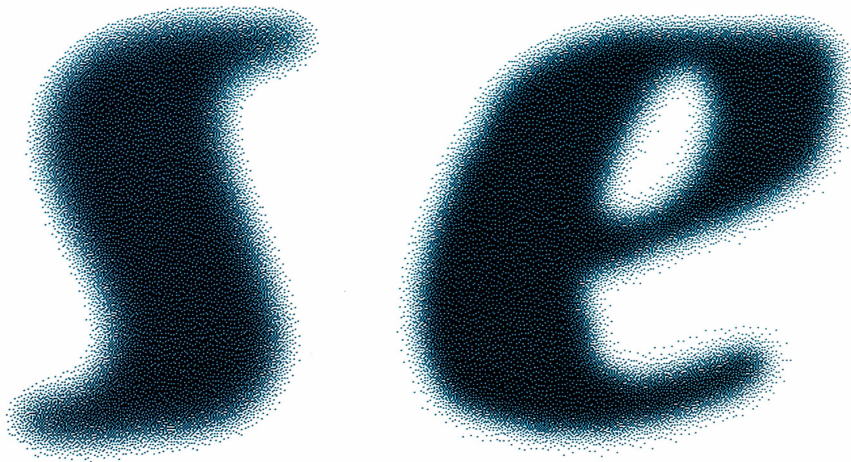
the

Sugar Daddy

of

In a world demonized by Super Mario Brothers, Mike Saenz delivers software salvation. A former Marvel Comics illustrator, Saenz first made a dent in the electronic world with Shatter, the first computer-generated, cyberpunk comic book. Now he runs Reactor, a Chicago-based company that creates and publishes computer games for grown-ups. His "adult-oriented" wares include Creepy Castle, Spaceship Warlock and the upcoming Screaming Metal. But it isn't just his eye for smart sci-fi adventures that's made Saenz notorious, it's his dirty mind.

Back in the go-go eighties, Saenz designed MacPlaymate, the first erotic software for the Macintosh. In this bit of onscreen naughtiness, you



could click and disrobe Maxie MacPlaymate, make her moan, groan or satisfy herself with a variety of sex toys. All this fooling around, however, came to a grinding halt when Playboy issued a Cease and Desist over trademark infringement. Not to be stopped by some rake in a smoking jacket, Reactor released Virtual Valerie, the first X-rated interactive CD ROM game. If you can make it from the street to Valerie's bed, she'll let you do her doggy-style with a dildo. But say the wrong thing and she throws you out like the trash you are and even makes you reboot.

Still searching for the perfect virtual girlfriend, Saenz is currently working on DonnaMatrix, to be released in 1993. Mr. Mike gives up few details about this hotter, wetter, bitchier babe and apparently Donna isn't going to give it up too easily, either. Get ready to press command option D for dominance.

by Lisa Palac

FUTURE SEX: *You're smoking, aren't you?*

MIKE SAENZ: Are you chastising me?

FS: *Hey, you'll have to pay if you want dominance.*

MS: Is it going to bother you? Over the phone, I don't think it could bother you. Well, you know it's my company so nobody complains! [laughs]

FS: *So do you have a history of being this major tech-head?*

MS: Oh god, no! In fact in 1983 when I got my first computer, a Commodore 64, I didn't even know how to hook up my stereo! I was always looking at the back of the equipment and thinking, 'Hmm... what's that?' I really had what a lot of people have. A fear of technology.

FS: *What got you over this fear?*

MS: Personal computers. I bought my first Macintosh in 1984, a 128k Macintosh, and I decided right then and there that was going to be my medium. And at first, yeah, I was afraid that my Mac was going to blow up if I hooked it up wrong—a completely irrational fear—but I said to myself, 'Get over it!', I got over it and I did *Shatter*.

The very next thing I did after that was design this program called ComicWorks that would allow people to create comics on their Mac. But Mindscape, the publishers of that

product,

reaction than any of the work I had done previously. People went nuts over it. Either they loved it or they hated it. Most people loved it.

FS: *Why do you think they loved it?*

MS: The market for personal computers and technical products is still largely male, and so I think that they loved it because men love that kind of shit. Looking back on my career, I make toys for boys my specialty. Whether it's a science fiction game or an erotic simulation, these are toys for boys.

FS: *When you say "men love that shit", what might that shit be?*

MS: Very ballistic, you know, fast cars, fast women, hard drugs, anything that's coursing through the blood streams of the red-blooded American male.

FS: *What's your history with erotic materials?*

MS: My history with erotic materials...well, let's see, going back to the earliest age?[laughs] Probably finding little snippets of beaver mags that were just like lying around in filthy little puddles and potholes. We, as children, would find these things and go, "Wow! Look! A naked lady!" And I'm still the same person! [laughs]

I remember a friend of mine telling me he had a 'boner machine.' And I imagined this industrial fucking device or something, I couldn't even picture what the hell a boner machine was, but I thought it was pretty amazing that he had, as he put it, "built" this machine. So he invited me over to his house to see it, and what it was, was all these beaver shots taped to his wall in

were
a bunch of Puritans
and they always had me readjusting
my art to make it suitable for publication.
They would misinterpret things like a zipper on
a woman's space suit and I would have to say
'No, that's not her labia, that's the zipper.'
It was frustrating working under those
restrictions and deadlines. I kind of react-
ed to that by creating Mac Playmate.

FS: *Why the sex theme?*

MS: I was trying to come up with
an entertainment product that
would take advantage of the limited
resources on a floppy disk. I wanted to
create an interactive animated experience
that had to—because of the restraints—be
redundant imagery, and give the most bang for
your buck, so to speak. I thought, 'What type of
animation has high entertainment value but is
redundant?' And that rutting aspect of sex
immediately popped into my head.
MacPlaymate got more of an extreme

**I MAKE
TOYS
FOR BOYS
MY
SPECIALTY.**



a kind of sequential collage. And he said, "Here's what you do. You start here and you look at this one, and this one, and then that one, and you'll get a boner."

FS: Did it work?

MS: No! it didn't 'cause I was imagining some kind of Suckatron 2000 thing...

FS: So what was one of the first things that worked for you?

MS: Well, let's see...I found this one book that my grandfather had hidden inside of his little junk drawer, called *Honeymoon in Denmark*. It was a very raunchy little paperback—no pictures—and I read it, as a little boy, from cover to cover about ten times.

FS: Well, if *Virtual Valerie* reflects some of what your fantasies might be...

MS: Actually those products don't.

FS: Not at all?

FS: But a lot of people will be looking at erotic software and wanting to connect with that simulation, the same way you connected with that book. I'm trying to imagine sitting in front of my computer and plugging in a piece of software that's so hot I'll wanna have an orgasm. That's the whole point, right?

MS: Right, that's what it should do. I think it's gonna happen with DonnaMatrix. This is our serious effort. Donna should come out in '93, on this new label Erector, and she will be hotter than Valerie by far. She'll be a lot sexier, beautifully rendered, with a lot of subtlety to her character. She'll have a lot of witty and sexy dialogue, and the adventure that we've designed is very complex.

We're going to be working very hard at coming up with the right technology and the right methodology that will arouse people and get them off! But it's not an attempt to try to appeal to the broadest possible range. We know how to create stuff that gets us off. So that's what we're going to do.

FS: But both men and women like to see men and women getting it on. Why can't Donnamatrix have a male partner so they can do something nasty together?

MS: I tried that with MacPlaymate. I gave her a butler with a big dick who would fuck her from behind! And I found that the testers were kinda jealous. They were like, "Get that guy outta here. I want her all to myself." So I axed him. But speaking for myself, there are times when I see a guy and a girl getting it on in a videotape and I really do wanna get rid of the guy.

FS: Will this better, faster technology, used to create DonnaMatrix and some of the other software, have an impact on our culture other than, 'Oh, new software, fun game?'

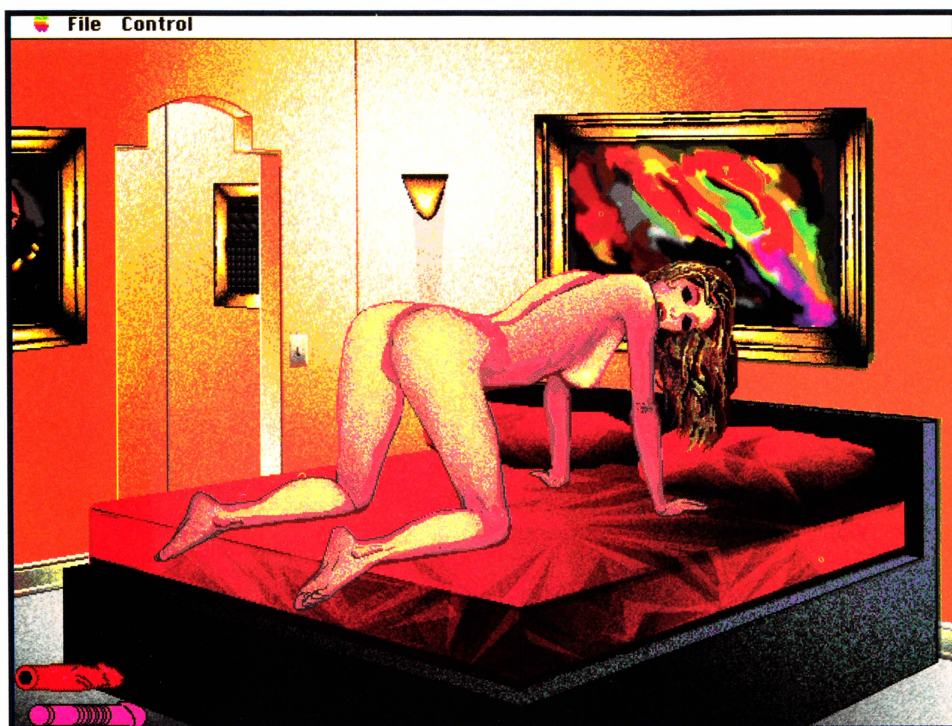
MS: There are a couple of answers to that. I think the quali-

ty of DonnaMatrix, the entire package, will change people's attitude about porn. I think lights are going to go on inside their heads in terms of the possibilities of simulation. And for the sexually adept or experienced, I think there will be a lot there to appeal to them, too, because it will be so well-done. I've got some really talented people at Reactor, all very technical and very creative. Not a programming nerd among them. I consider the team to be a very hip group.

DonnaMatrix might inspire a whole new generation of video...uh...uh...



MS: No, not really. I mean, when I created MacPlaymate it was a distillation of popular fetishes and things. And *Virtual Valerie* is so tame sexually that I don't have a comparison for it. Here she is, the girl next door, you can walk through the door, go into her bedroom and give it to her with a dildo. I didn't spend a lot of time on either product. Neither were real serious efforts on my part to create my fantasy. If I was going to focus a lot of energy on recreating my sexual fantasy, I don't think I would be doing it in a simulation.



FS: Voyeurs?

MS: Video voyeurs and video creators. They might say, 'Hell, they did it, it's high quality, we can do it too!' There are a lot of [film] directors these days who are working at creating erotic material for the mainstream. What comes to mind is Mickey Rourke films.

You're saying, 'Hey, give us some quality erotic material.' He did. I mean it's well-shot and there's a better plot line than you find in porn films—

FS: Well, that's debatable. I mean, have you seen Wild Orchid? [groans] People are very disappointed when they rent these 'couples tapes' because it's all lovey-dovey and tender, and they expect to see something really hardcore that expresses some of their deepest fantasies, something that they themselves can't even talk about—

MS: Even if they say 'This is disgusting'—

FS: It secretly means...

MS: It secretly means...

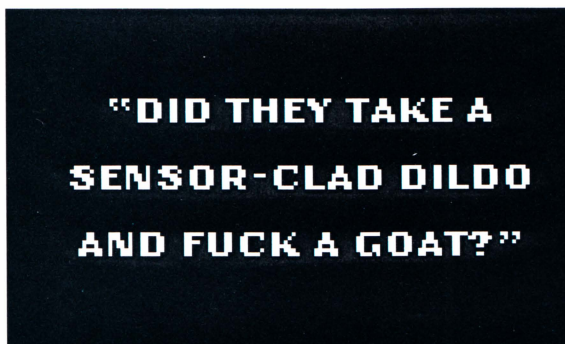
FS: I can't wait to rewind it while your not in the room!

MS: What's disgusting is the fact that I'm here with you watching it!

FS: Why do you think that is? MacPlaymate is a perfect example of this. Even if people think it's stupid, their eyes are glued and they can't pull away.

MS: Because it's a sneak attack. It's going right through the libido, through the back door of your brain, and giving you a kick in your privates. You know, whether they find it stupid or mind-numbingly bad, it doesn't matter. It's got them. It's already hooked them on something that is so basic in humans, the sexual response. No matter how high quality this stuff gets, there are still going to be people going, 'Yeah it was slick, yeah the acting was flawless, yeah the dialogue was great, yeah the story was fascinating, but he didn't fuck her up the butt.' And that may end up being the bottom line.

FS: What do you think is really going to happen with VR sex?



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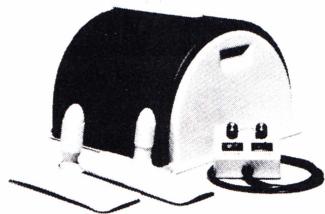
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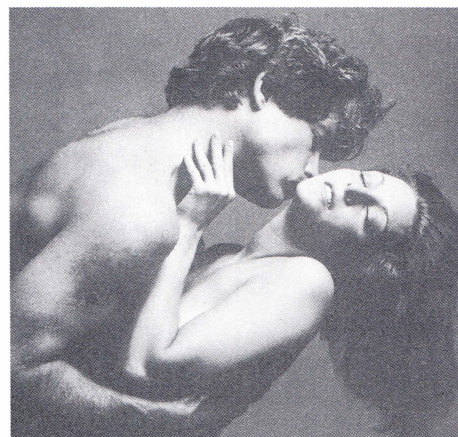
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MS: I think it's going to be a very weird world. If a superstar like Madonna sells the rights to her audio visual performances, maybe some future star will sell her audio, visual and interactive rights. Or maybe a publisher of some virtual reality sex product will license the Madonna audio visual rights, but pass on the interactive rights because her fee is just too high. So they just substitute it with some other tactile data, and where did that tactile data come from?

FS: So you're just getting a Madonna knock-off, basically?

MS: Yes, when you're getting a virtual blow job, by a virtual Madonna, was this recorded from some gay, toothless guy in his eighties? Or did they take some sensor-clad dildo and fuck a goat? Or did some weird cybernerd sit hunched over a computer at 4:00 am, editing and tweaking the data? Whose data is this? I think it's gonna be really weird.

FS: So if you could go on line and plug into a VR fantasy, what would it be?

MS: Me? Oh God...

FS: Just name one.

MS: In a very voyeuristic way, it would be a very sleek bordello, that had a kind of crawl space or walk space behind the rooms, with different acts in each room, and I could look through a pane of glass or participate; a whole giant realm of multiple acts, all built into a VR package.

FS: So part of the draw with VR sex, or even interactive simulation entertainment, is instead of just being a voyeur, people can actually put themselves in a sexual situation where in reality they might never want to be. Like a gang bang, or whatever it might be.

MS: Oh, I'd love to do that! Maybe VR sex could be used as a form of sexual therapy. There might be some medicinal qualities.

FS: But people also talk about its drawbacks. We are talking about a culture that is becoming increasingly more isolated as technology moves in, we are becoming more dependent on machines, and maybe—

MS: Well, we want that. We want that.

FS: We do?

MS: We go and create this electronic cottage industry, this phenomenon, this love for ATMs so that we don't have to deal with the embarrassment of the teller knowing that we only have 30 dollars in our bank account and we've withdrawn 20, you know? People want to remove excessive human contact. Especially as the planet becomes overpopulated. They want that distance, and I think that VR sex could actually give them that.

There's a lot to be said for being a little more prudent with sex—real sex—and I'm not just talking about the AIDS situation. I'm talking about what it does to your soul or your mind to have multiple sex partners. Having too many intimate relationships can foul you up, you have a lot of ghosts in your background. It can kind of come and haunt you.

FS: Are you speaking from experience?

MS: To some extent, yes. The haunt! I think I'm still trying to get over my wild years. I look back and think, 'Oh Christ, almighty, I can't believe I did that.' I don't like to have regrets.

I think VR sex will free up some people and give them sexual adventure, without—and I know this sounds completely cold-hearted—without the trappings of actually having a relationship. And that's what sex fantasy is for us now with the magazines and videotape. We are voyeurs, and that's as far as our participation goes. We are voyeurs in these orgies, in these sex acts, with people we don't even know. We don't have to wake up in the morning next to them and have breakfast.

FS: And what do you think this will spell in terms of live sex entertainment? Strip clubs and peep shows.

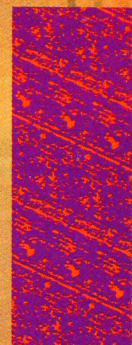
MS: I don't think it can possibly put them out of business, and I think the reason for that is, no matter how good the simulation is, you know it's a simulation. When a guy goes to the theater and actually slips five dollars through the slot in the glass, and watches a woman put a dildo up her ass for the extra five, he knows she actually did it. That this is real.

Reading a book about traveling to Paris is not the same as actually going. I'd rather have the real thing any day.



Lisa Palac is the editor of Future Sex.

CYBERSEX



Much has been said about the marriage of television and computers. Many people are puzzled by the concept of interactive or "two-way" TV. Today, we are seeing the first generation of adult-oriented interactive entertainment products: the pornographic video game. Consider this concept "Nintendo for Adults." And much like the kids' version, the adult version may prove to be a multi-billion dollar industry.

Just as flight simulators are used to train pilots and entertain people without the inherent dangers of flying real airplanes, erotic simulations may one day be used to train and entertain people without the inherent dangers of intimate human interaction. Sound selfish? It is! Welcome to **CYBERSEX!**



REACTOR



THE LOVE MACHINE

Tomorrow's Carnal Knowledge
Engineers may develop a woven fabric of sensors—a membrane that simulates human skin—that can be worn over human genitals and used to digitize and record sensual and sexual touching. The resulting **tactile data** will then be synched to 3D video, audio, and programmed into a computer simulation coupled with tactile playback mechanisms.

Slip into your gloves, helmet, data-shorts, and get ready for a real joy ride!

More advanced forms of this technology will allow for multiple "players" to interact in an artificial environment, perhaps even over phone lines. "TeleSex" will change how cable companies wire your home and mere phone sex will become a thing of the distant past.

What follows is a speculative work on CYBERSEX. You may consider this to be a work of erotic science fiction or a blue print of Future Sex. It makes no difference to us, because any way you look at it—real or imaginary—CYBERSEX is sure to impact your life and your views on technology and sex.



FIRST GENERATION CYBERSEX (1992)

Computer software. 2D display, simple interaction in a pornographic video game. *Examples: Virtual Valerie™ and DonnaMatrix™.*

SECOND GENERATION CYBERSEX (1995)

Computer software and hardware. 3D display, 3D input device (glove), advanced interaction and realistic video/audio. *A very effective simulation.*

THIRD GENERATION CYBERSEX (2000)

Computer software, hardware and

apparel in an affordable consumer system. 3D display, tactile feedback, multiple 3D tactile feedback/input devices (gloves, shorts, helmet), advanced control software, singular and two-player communication ability (telesex), realistic visuals and audio. *A robust and engaging simulation.*

FOURTH GENERATION CYBERSEX (2010)

Computer software, hardware and apparel. 3D display, tactile feedback, complete body suit for 3D tactile feedback/input. Expert edit/control software (Sexpert System), single to multiplayer

communication ability (simple group telesex), hyper-realistic visuals and audio. *A very powerful simulation of real human experience.*

FIFTH GENERATION CYBERSEX: THE ORGASMATRON (2020)

Computer software, hardware and pharmaceuticals. All-in-one helmet system with direct brain feed. Advanced edit/control software (Super Sexpert System), single to multiplayer communication ability (advanced group telesex), broad bandwidth, memory recording ability, brain chemical enhancing system. *A very realistic simulation*

of great proportions that challenges real experience.

SIXTH GENERATION CYBERSEX (2050)

Fifth generation systems brought to consumer level. *Experience considered by many to be equivalent to the real thing.*

SEVENTH GENERATION CYBERSEX: CYBORGASM (2200)

Cybersex systems become affordable surgical implants. *Accepted by many as a vast improvement over the real thing.*

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INTRODUCING THE CSEX 2 SYSTEM
FROM REACTOR!

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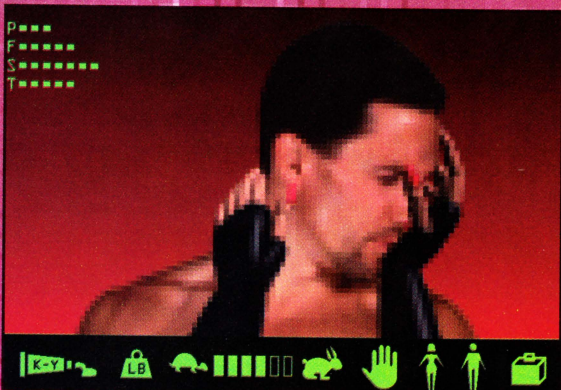
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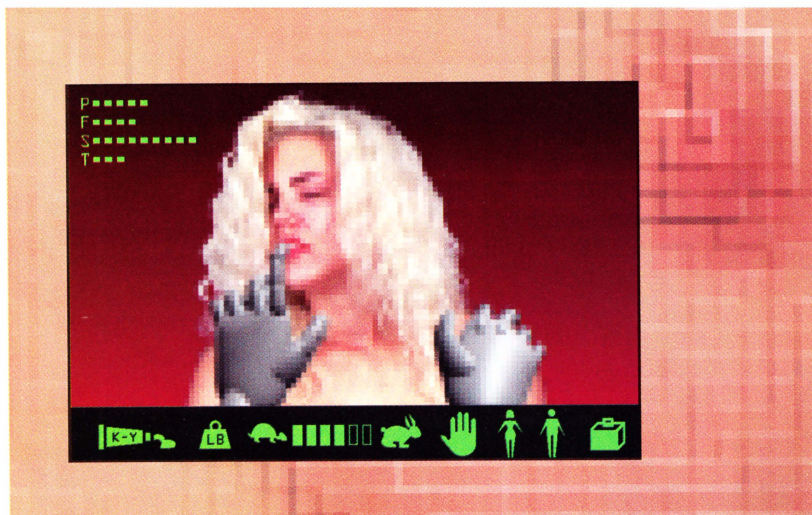
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CREDITS:

Concept/Article: Mike Saenz
Graphic Design: Ken Holewczynski
3-D Modeling and Graphics:
Mike Saenz and Norm Dwyer

Photos: Bill Weiss
Human Models:
Hans and Madison

REACTOR





DIONYSIAN

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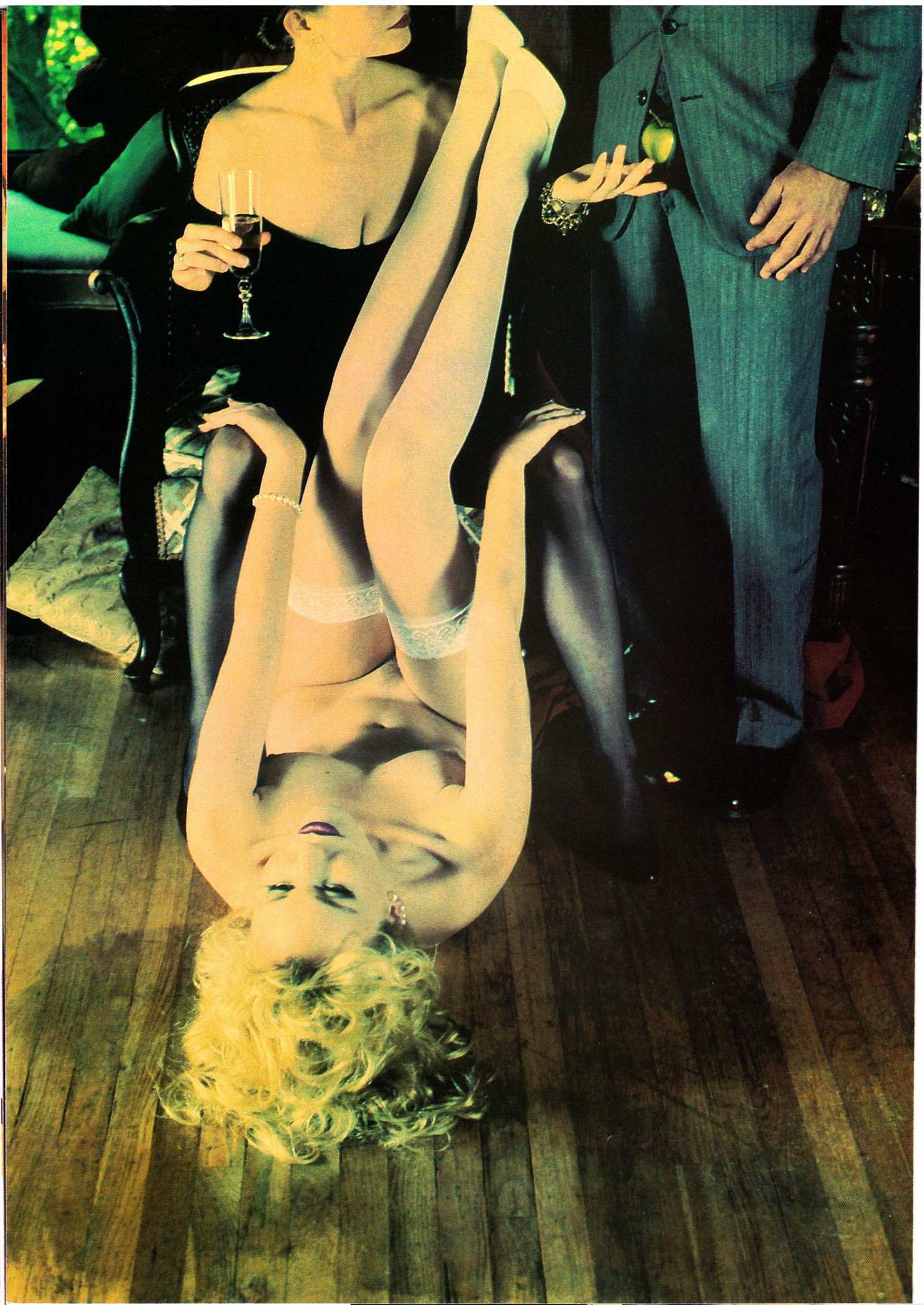
ELTDOWN

photography by **Egon**









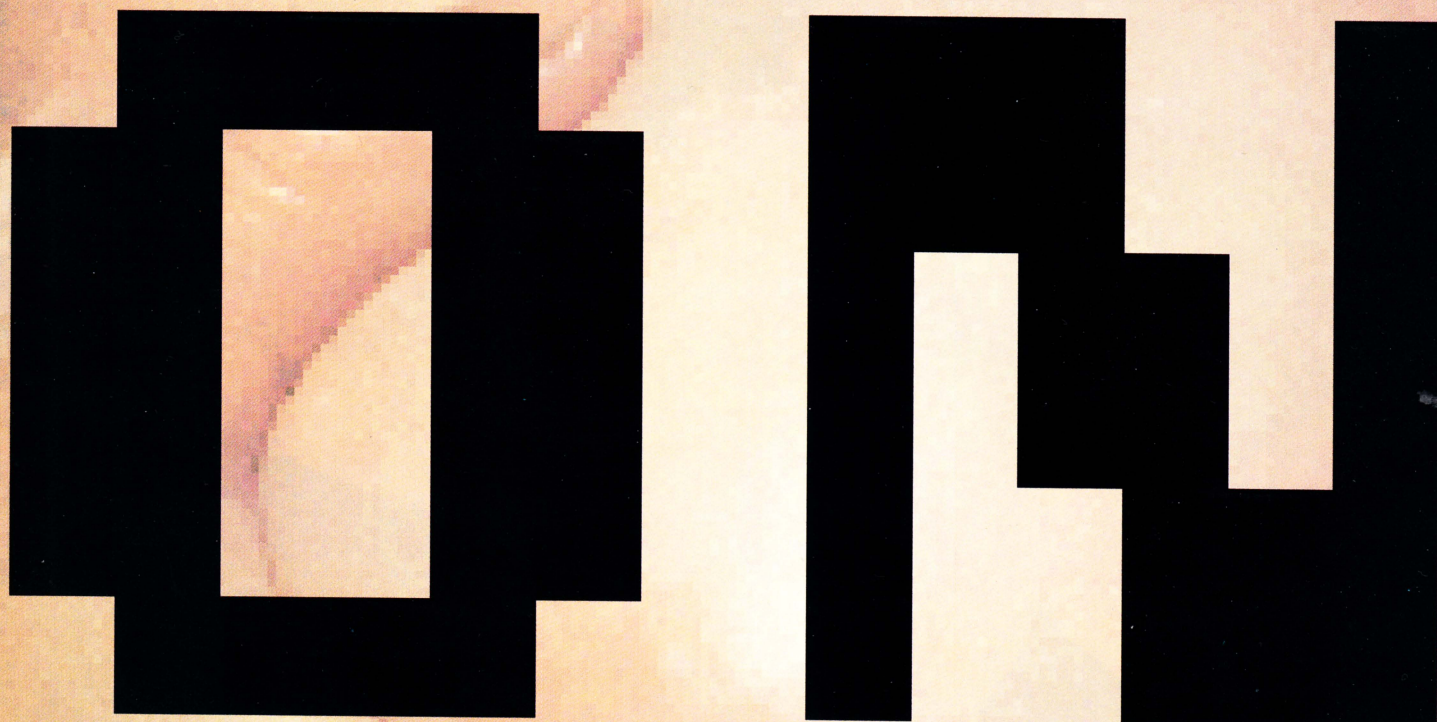




Model: Kitty Lee
Styling, hair & make-up: Jim Avila



GETTING IT

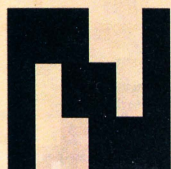


LINE

by Gary Wolf

The sun sets on the British Empire, but it never goes down on Nick's cock. Images of Nick's penis, in an encyclopedic variety of positions and poses, have infiltrated nations around the globe. "It's even been to Poland," says Nick, proudly.

Nick is one of the pioneers and international champions of hardcore computer porn. Using an ordinary computer hooked up to the telephone lines, Nick can distribute X-rated stories, pictures, and correspondence via an electronic "bulletin board service," or BBS, known as Nixpix. Nixpix has more than 10,000 subscribers, making it one of the largest sex clubs in the country.



ick, while hardly a shy or modest person, refuses to give his last name. His peculiar form of exhibitionism makes him vulnerable to death threats, abusive phone calls, and, quite possibly, criminal prosecution. "The worst possible thing for our community is bad publicity," Nick admits.

One advantage of computer sex is that it easily escapes hostile notice. For the moment, at least, the sybaritic universe of Nixpix is unhampered by blue laws or gossip. On the other hand, this era of relative safety may soon come to an end. Electronic bulletin boards occupy a grey area between a private medium, like a phone call, and a broadcast medium, like a radio or television station. Eventually, the powers-that-be are bound to take notice. Nick, for one, is so concerned about a government crackdown that he does not charge any money for access to Nixpix, despite the fact that such charges can be lucrative. Since the day of reckoning may soon be at hand, Nick satisfies himself by getting pictures of his cock into as many systems as possible.

Like most new technology, the primary purpose of online communications is to assist commerce, science and war. Today, the process is nearly ubiquitous in corporate and professional offices; nearly all use their telephones to retrieve information from large, central computers. The data travels in digital form through the telephone wires and is decoded at either end by a modem.

Right from the beginning, people on electronic networks had trouble sticking to business. Personal notes, copies of newspaper stories, reprints of magazine articles, and all manner of photographs and drawings circulated worldwide. Public and private boards multiplied rapidly; *Scientific American* recently estimated that there were more than 30,000 electronic bulletin boards services in the United States alone.

Was it inevitable that a substantial portion of this traffic in digital data would prove to be porn? Maybe it was. But the sheer volume of the X-rated traffic is impressive. Rumor has it that a few years ago more than a third of the data passing through one of the major international research networks was dirty pictures. Minitel, the French national system, openly supports itself with sex services. The largest public BBSs, like CompuServe, make room for discussions devoted to sex. And then there are the hundreds of hobbyists' systems, like Nixpix.

Computer sex is not limited to X-rated pictures and erotic chat. Some of the wisest and most hilarious sex advice is also available electronically. On one popular West Coast board, known as the WELL (Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link), users can tune into discussions of body-piercing, multiple orgasms, condom allergies and embarrassing sexual experiences. Many cities have several gay boards, which offer counsel and discussion alongside sexy talk and pictures.

Competition among boards is fierce. Since digitized images can be copied indefinitely with no significant loss of quality, dirty pictures circulate quickly through interlocked networks, and a sequence of popular photos will crop up in many places at once, like a sudden, X-rated algae bloom. Sometimes the redundancy of conventional images gives the impression that, in the hardcore realm, computer bulletin boards add little to an already oversaturated smut marketplace.

As long as the content of many electronic bulletin boards is familiar and conventional, it may seem silly to bother with the high-tech hassles. But Nick, who has extensive experience with the ordinary wares of the red-light district, insists that computer sex offers a uniquely attractive type of pornographic pleasure.

For Nick, the computer offers a standard fare of hardcore pictures, but it also provides a live—if mediated—form of human contact. Nick can chat with other swingers and enjoy fantasy encounters with people who will never know his real name or interfere with his real life.



NXLINDA2



CHOCOCK



LINDAR20



In the world of Nixpix, the computer is a conduit that is also a shield. It is a unique compromise between the isolation of an erotic book, the anonymity of a live sex show and the visceral exposure of a visit to a prostitute. It is less revealing than the telephone; for, even though one can send pictures, the delay caused by typing on a keyboard guards against slips of the tongue and masks the vulnerabilities that might otherwise be transmitted by one's voice. People like Nick can play and be safe.

On the other hand, nobody lives entirely in the world of bits and bytes. What happens when the barrier between the digital world and that world of flesh collapses?

A strange tenderness creeps over a man and woman who spend the afternoon companionably staring into the blue-white infinity of a computer screen. Shahasp Herardian, my host, is a slight, dark woman with a casual demeanor and a mixed, Armenian genealogy. I have read her biography on the Back Door for Women, a very active lesbian/bisexual bulletin board in San Francisco so I know that she is 5'6", 130 pounds, bi, doesn't want to have kids, and "shaves most places at various times."

Shahasp is a graphic designer. When I come in, she is hard at work composing type for a four-hundred page volume on oenology to be published by the Wine Appreciation Guild. She generously puts her manuscript aside and dials up the Back Door. Here's what we see:

The Back Door v. 3 Multiuser Oracomm-Plus (tm)/Dedicated to SEX, SMUT & SLEAZE...The BACK DOOR is open... come on in.

We do. Shahasp has 535 minutes left on her account, which has been open for nearly a year. She also has a message waiting, from an online friend who noticed she logged on yesterday "and didn't even drop me a note. Shame!"

Shahasp grimaces with embarrassment. She sends a note back. "Caught me again," she types, her fingers moving quickly over the keyboard. "Kiss."

Now, we have plenty of choices. We can read the new jokes, or look for travel tips, or check the classifieds. There is a 12-step discussion, an electronic AIDS quilt, and an area for conversation about television and the arts. Of course, there is an area for sex chat. But we decide to check out the pictures. We ask for a list. On the left side of the page, in capital letters, appears the name of the file. Underneath each name is a description.

SER21.MAC

Photo of woman with nice tits.

POLAROID.MAC

Woman with large breasts.

PINCH.MAC

Drawing of woman pinching her tits.

PIONOLDY.MAC

Woman in piano slacks with big boobs.

It's not hard to grasp the concept. All of these files are digitized photographs or drawings. At the touch of a key, they will migrate onto Shahasp's hard disk. Or rather, almost at a touch of a key. Graphics

files tend to be large, and the telephone lines are slow. (Vice-Presidential candidate Al Gore has promised to get high-speed, government-funded data lines installed around the country. If he succeeds, we'll all be able to download our smut in seconds!)

Each of these photos will take many minutes to arrive.

JUDY.MAC

Nude with a finger in her pussy.

LEZ-4.GIF

She's pushing the dildo in the other woman's cunt while she licks both the dildo and the cunt!
WIFEPUSY.GIF

Bitch proves she is in heat. If you like to have fun during a menstrual period, this one is for you. If not, don't download this one!

Out of the countless photos, Shahasp and I choose LEZ-4.GIF. To our disappointment, we read that "File will transmit in 29 minutes." So much for the convenience of home-shopping.

While we wait, Shahasp explains that even computer sex offers certain thrilling possibilities of risk and discovery. Unlike Nick, Shahasp is not married, and she's not afraid to have girlfriends and boyfriends. She agrees that

these fantasy relationships via computer offer a secure form of pleasure, but she points out that not every encounter remains strictly contained.

Once, a woman demanded her panties. "We talked about it on the bulletin board and negotiated," Shahasp says, "and finally we made a deal. I said that I would send her the ones I was wearing, but she had to send me a pair of new ones." Shahasp's electronic correspondent was immensely pleased. Every



NIX_TIT2



ENAILS



CUMDRP-1S

LOGGING ON

There is unending variety in the world of online bulletin board systems, and the outstanding guide to both the nice and the naughty in electronic destinations is Jack Rickard's *Boardwatch* magazine. *Boardwatch* is often technical, but also includes excellent, plain-English reviews of obscure BBSs, as well as regular listings and one-line descriptions of hundreds of other boards. *Boardwatch* can be reached at (800) 933-6038 (voice) or (303) 973-4222 (online subscriptions).

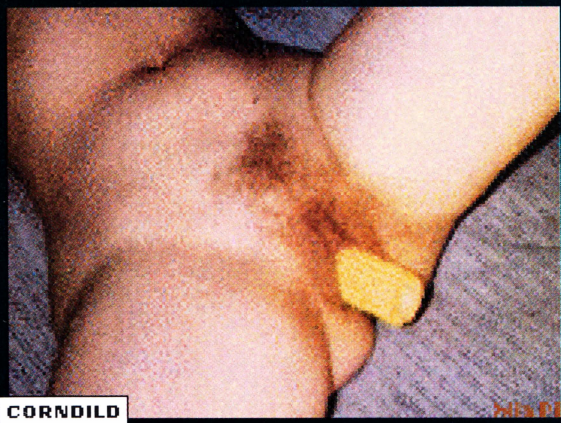
When you connect with a new board, expect to spend a few minutes letting your eyes adjust to the new scene. Don't get frustrated! You will usually have to register; this often involves filling out a questionnaire. Sometimes you can lie, but other times you are required to give your driver's license number as a way of proving you are over 21. Some boards are free, others charge hourly rates. You always pay long-distance and/or local telephone charges. For dedicated callers, Sprint offers a discount service for BBS connections.

After you gain access, you will be faced with a number of choices not unlike a voice-mail system—press 1 for this, press two for that, etc. The whole idea is to explore a little bit. If you are not impatient, twenty or thirty minutes should be enough to provide a decent sense of the indecencies allowed and expected in any particular system.

To get you started, here are some hot numbers to try:

NixPix (adult chat and graphics): (303) 920-1263
Event Horizons (adult graphics): (503) 697-5100
Odyssey (adult multiline chat): (818) 358-6968
The Back Room (gay): (718) 849-1614
The Back Door (three boards: gay, straight, lesbian): (415) 756-2906 (voice)

Modem settings are usually 8N1 (8 bits, no parity, 1 stop bit).



day, she would send a note with a few details about what she was doing with Shahasp's thoughtfully soiled panties.

And not every encounter remains anonymous. Last year, Shahasp got a message from someone who seemed to know an awful lot about her.

"This woman knew where I was waiting for the bus. She knew where my tattoo was." While Shahasp struggled to decipher the mystery, they continued to meet on the bulletin board; to chat and tempt and tease each other. It turned out that they had a friend in common who had encouraged Shahasp's electronic interlocutor to make an indirect, computer-veiled seduction.

It worked. In a moment of real-time computer contact, when they were both at their keyboards and passionately typing—"We were getting into a really intense scene, I don't know, I was sucking her dick or something,"—they decided to speak on the phone. They rarely link up electronically now because they prefer to meet in person.

The shifting masquerade of the BBS gives rise not only to romantic but also to farcical possibilities. The note you send to an anonymous correspondent today may arrive on the screen of that girl you kissed last night. You might complain about *your* girlfriend to your girlfriend. Better yet, the sweet thing that caused some part of your body to flutter when you saw her on the dance floor can be subtly chased down and approached.

Shahasp's computer chimes. Our graphic has arrived. It looks about as you would expect. After listening to Shahasp describe the power of a computer to connect real people by a thin but highly-charged thread, the photograph seems but a dull trace of some long-forgotten scene of passion.

Digital pornography can be the safest side of safe sex. But it is on the margins of safety that the most profound encounters occur. Unlike magazines or live shows, the distance between participants on the electronic bulletin boards is always voluntary and usually non-commercial. Your anonymous partner is only a phone call or a pair of panties away. By easing the approach and reducing the risk of the first touch, electronic sex may be an adornment and an encouragement to bodily contact.

Shahasp is required to return to work. As I leave, I imagine her sitting for the rest of the afternoon in front her keyboard, a few strokes away from the prurient pixels.



Gary Wolf is a contributing editor of the SF Weekly.



Portfolio

Christine Rosholt





Steven Knoll





Spencer Tunick





Tracy Mostovoy





David Sheppard





Robert Adler



Steve Smith

This is an excerpt from a novel-in-progress titled

Elmo

The story concerns, among other things, a young man named Elmo who works at a bakery in San Francisco.

He is approached by a friend who has begun an unusual business—an outcall male prostitute service for women only. Women who like young trade, rough trade and a bit of kink.

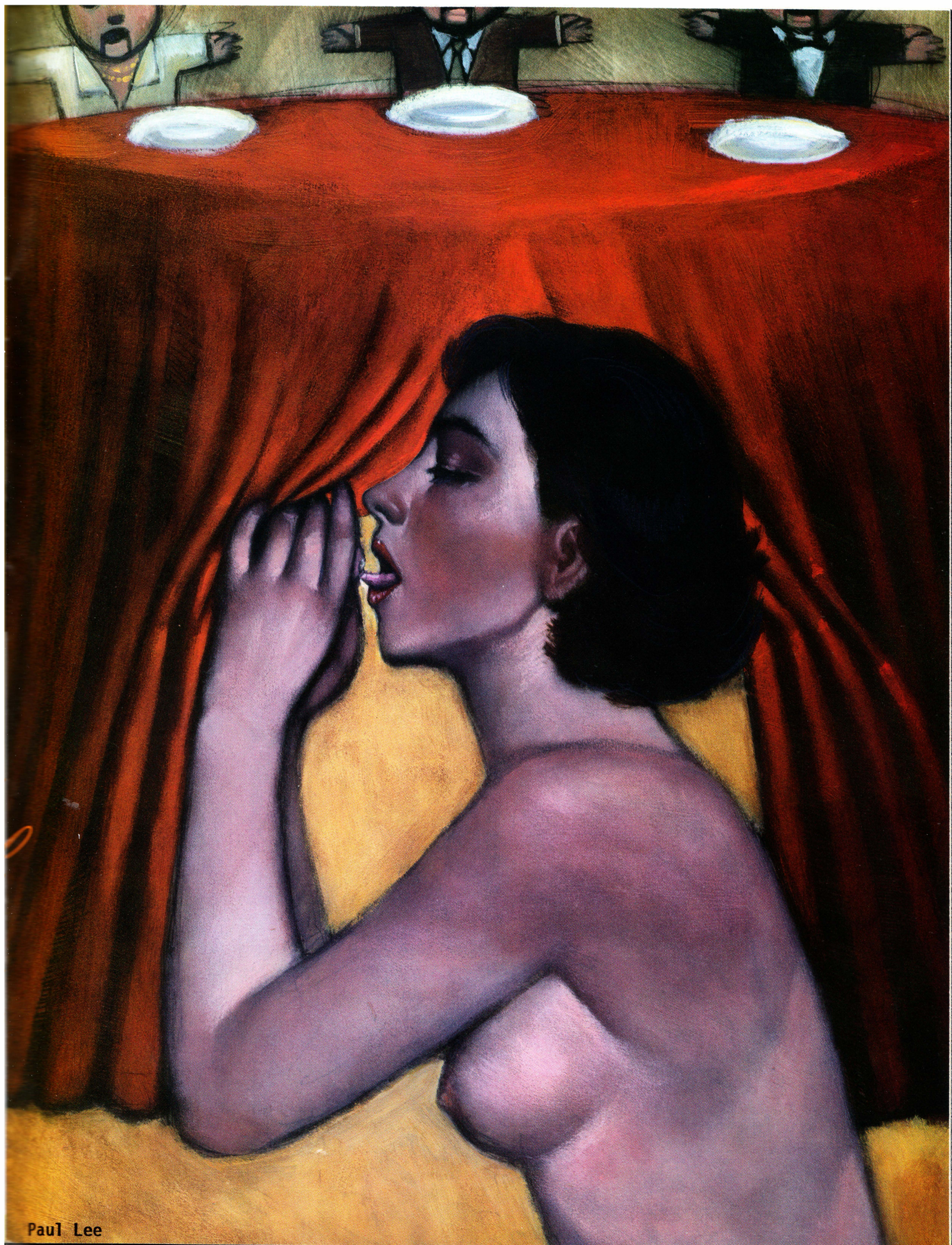
Elmo has various adventures and misadventures, until he meets his most unusual client, Celeste. Much to Elmo's thrill and alarm, their sessions take an increasingly dangerous and sinister turn.

by **Amy Wallace**

Celeste, a girl like you...what a slut. A girl who hires guys for their services." He shook his head. "Really disgusting

You're the kind of girl with an insatiable appetite. Reminds me of a girl I once knew...This girl, she was so hot that one guy couldn't satisfy her, even though he fucked her every day, sometimes even twice. How about that? Poor guy got tired, and kind of irritable, So he thought, 'I should give this chick what she needs.' And one night he said,

You're the kind of girl with an insatiable appetite.



Baby, put on that black dress, the one you gotta spray on, and those black hose and the spike heels.' And she did. And he fucked her before they went out, but that only warmed her up, the slut.

"So they go to this fancy French restaurant, with private rooms in the back and a big mahogany bar. The guys who were drinking at the bar couldn't necessarily afford to eat there, they were a lesser cut of guy, if you know what I mean. Definitely sleazier. So he sets her at the bar for a drink, where guys can look at her tits and her legs—and then he leads her to one of those back rooms. He orders for her and tells her to wait. When he comes back he's got two guys with him; one skinny guy with a grey pencil moustache, and a thick-set guy with no neck and gold chains and a hairy chest. And he sits them down and pulls the tablecloth back and tells the girl, 'Get under the table.' So she's gotta kneel down there, on the dirty floor, tearing her nice stockings and bumping her head on the table. When the dinner comes they feed her out of their hands, and smear food on her face, grab her ass and pull on her tits. Soon she's crying but every time she tries to get away they kick her, especially the skinny one—and finally one of the guys reaches down and pins her, and sticks a finger up her pussy. He holds it up by the light and it's wet.

Can you believe this girl, Celeste? Have you ever heard of anything more degraded? She likes it. So they say, 'Well, if that's what kind of girl you are, you can just go to work right now, under the table.' And she has to, 'cause they won't let her get up. Soon these guys are kickin' back, with their legs spread, and she's just working away...And the guy who brought her there gets ten bucks from each guy when she's finished. Next thing you know there's two more guys taking their place. And that's how it went all night. She was a mess by the time he took her home."

Elmo coughed. "And I think that would be just about right for you, Celeste. You remind me a lot of that girl. You'd like that a lot, wouldn't you?" He was silent for a moment, watching her. Then he said, "What's the matter, did I make you mad?" He spoke like a nurse who had hurt a patient without meaning to. He frowned. "Come here."

She wrinkled her nose and turned away, showing him her angry shoulders. Elmo circled them with his arm. She was so small she felt like a tiny bird. It occurred to him that she wasn't eating enough.

He touched her mouth gently, tracing her lips, then rubbing the back of his nail against her teeth. She sighed a little, sitting back against his arm. He slipped one finger, then another, between her lower lip and her gums, feeling the soft cove of her mouth. He added another finger. She let him, opening and closing her eyes, her pale eyelids fluttering as if she were submitting to dental work she could no longer avoid. He stroked her cheeks, the edges of her teeth, and finally the tight surface of the roof of her mouth.

"Tickles," she tried to say, but it was impossible to speak; her mouth was full of his impaling hand. He continued to stroke her palate, and she made a few protesting gurgles, kicking her legs and struggling. He pinned her more tightly. She was making "Unngh, ggh" sounds, and sucking on his fingers and kicking

her feet harder. With three fingers he grabbed her tongue firmly and tugged it, playing with it, pulling, releasing, pinching, tugging, releasing. Her sinuses were filling up, and a damp shine glistened on her nostrils.

Making a cone with his whole hand, he pulled her head back by the hair, like a horse by its mane, and said, "Open." She said "unhn," and he pressed the triangle of his fist into her mouth, stretching it until it reached the knuckles. Celeste began to gag. A swirl of vomit gathered in her stomach. Elmo pulled his fingers out suddenly, then pushed back in, rasping the back of her throat and distorting her cheeks. She was drooling now, a few bubbles of saliva which trickled down her chin. She made a sound like a laugh, somewhere from the back of her throat.

With his free hand he gave a quick, sharp slap between her thighs. He moved above her, pushing her knees apart with his own, still pinning her face like a butterfly's torso on his hand, squashing her breath and filling her, feeling the savage sucking of her loose, angry mouth. She squeezed and tossed and pulled him suddenly tight, biting hard on his knuckles, until she reached the copper taste of his blood.

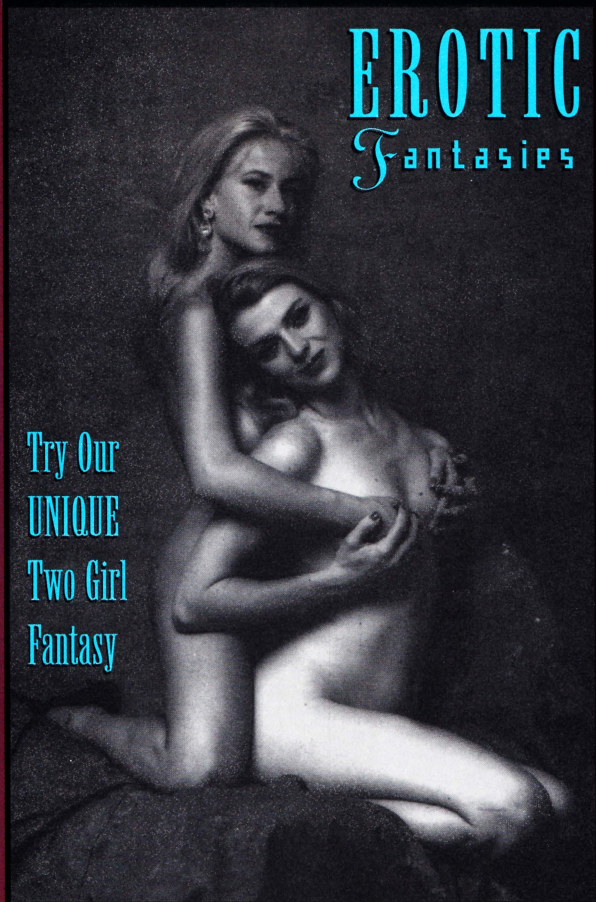


Amy Wallace is a novelist who lives in Berkeley, California.

INTIMATE SENSATIONS

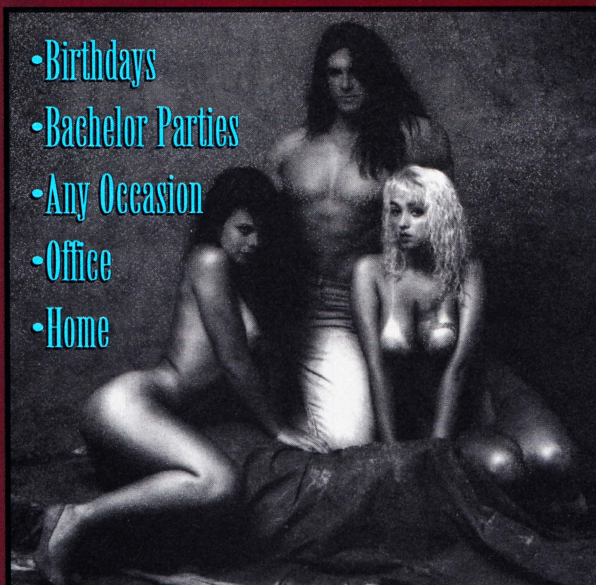
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FICTION

A TASTE OF BRINE

by *David Aaron Clark*



© Eric Kroll



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M

ISTRESS MESSIAH TO YOU,

SLAVE. HERE SHE IS, STRIDING THROUGH THE SUBICULE'S UNPAINTED DOOR,

MUSTERING AS FAT A HELPING OF CONFIDENCE AS HER ARMOR ALL ENHANCED

BLACK LEATHER AND RUBBER WILL BOLSTER.

G

et out your checklists, oh acolytes of the

pornographically specific: Mistress is blonde like a schoolgirl. Mistress is prettysoft with her prematurely

jowled babyface, lush cheeks little echoes of the major spheres a few feet lower

and to the rear that swell against a PVC skirt so dramatic

with its absolute blacks trapped between layers of worked petroleum, quicksilver white reflections sliding like clumsy puppies across the slick surface. White boobies crushed together by her corset, an ankhangling in their smooth valley. Mistress is indeed a piece of work.

Her corn-colored hair probably only looks as totemic as it does now when contrasted against the slippery black. Otherwise I imagine it's flat and unremarkable, no different than the tousled straw on the floor of a Minnesota barn. Probably makes her look mousy as hell when left unwashed for a day or two, and she's rolling out of bed and shimmying into her sweats for a trip to the corner bodega for a bagel and coffee with. But she's a charmer at this moment, sporting talcum-powder skin, big luminescent eyes, and lipstick-caked lips that peel back from polished teeth, allowing a string of little girl giggles to bubble forth like fizzing bath salts.

She's embarrassed to pee on me, however. *But it's your job, dear. Stick your hand in a glass of warm water, it always worked at summer camp.* We decide to pass the time with some preliminary pleasures, while her kidneys work their way up to the task. After she whips and spansks me for awhile, I practice up on some boot worship, enjoying the secular non-taste of her leather boots, the granules of cured flesh making contact with my tongue one by one.

After that she beats me some more, on the back and the buttocks, switching between a whip with soft leather lashes and a leather-covered paddle. At certain points the violent sensory input explodes like fireworks through my nervous system, making me shiver with pleasure. When she beats me too long in one place, though, and the skin begins to turn too tender, all I know is an unpleasant discomfort that I try to ignore by concentrating on the muscles tensing and untensing in my arms, as they hold me up in my kneeling-forward position on the floor. I wonder what sins I'm allowing myself to be punished for.

I squeeze my eyes shut and try to outwait the pain, counting the eternal moments until she varies her strokes and finds another spot to abuse. She laughs when a short bark of pain escapes my lips, and for a moment I feel happy to coax forth her laughter; then the feeling is replaced by the overwhelming sensation that we're a pair of actors playing out a badly trite, childish script. Such moments taste singularly less voluptuous than others; the most artfully delivered barrages do indeed elevate me into an oddly weightless spirit state that delivers

me from the burden of self-awareness and its attendant consternations.

"Are you ready to be peed on?" she asks me finally, after draining a few more cups of water. I consent.

SHE PRODUCES A PAIR OF BLACK NYLONS THAT SMELL like they've been worn for a week without being laundered and winds them around my head until I can see nothing. The slippery mesh catches against the grizzle on my cheek and rustles loudly, so close to my ear.

We arrange ourselves into position. She's squatting on a blue plastic porta-potty fetched earlier from a closet in the corner, and I've slid underneath its rim and am lying there naked and vulnerable on my back, feeling slightly self-conscious that I don't have a hard-on, that my dick is still retracted into near-nothingness.

I strain my head up, listening to the crackling of stretching tendons in the back of my neck, until my lips brush the very tips of her pubic tendrils—in my imagination they're blonde, but the double-wound black stockings blindfolding me prevent any visual confirmation. *No, no, Mistress doesn't allow that,* I hear when she feels the point of my nose bump against the sleek base of her slit. Damn this role-playing shit. Her pussy smells cleaner and richer than ice cream to my flaring monkey nostrils, those centimeters of promise sexier than anything except maybe the imagined first taste, sharp as cheddar cheese.

I make idle conversation as I lay there blindfolded beneath her vulva, my body perpendicular to her full hips, my penis still semi-flaccid. I punctuate each sentence with "Mistress," the same way a Parris Island grunt straining and sweating through Basic hisses out "Sir" even as he imagines violently reaming his drill sergeant with a bottle of boot polish. She likes the subtle challenge of my manner and opens up quickly; I soon know far more about her than she does about me, except for the fairly intimate piece of information that I evidently like to be peed on by beautiful women: I don't tell her this is the first time I've indulged, not counting a few little impromptu squirts from a lover during a bout of fucking in the bathtub.

I learn she's a tender little post-NYU bitch goddess picking up rent money doing the fast-bucks domination thing. It's easy to make her open up, tell me about her film classes, her work on a special effects crew for cheap horror movies. I'm not surprised, and indeed am further charmed.

"
**I WONDER
WHAT SINS
I'M ALLOWING
MYSELF TO BE
PUNISHED FOR.**
"

It makes me feel like a character out of J.G. Ballard, trolling Shepperton for tarts committed to the exploration of the exploded surface ritual, the neural paths of the imagination—Cinemaphiles are the most blasé about fetishes. It's all tableaux to them, and I'm sure that's how Mistress Messiah here sees it, if she sees it at all: The sculpted golden stream of urine connecting vulva and mouth like a golden leash, a liquid bridge of swooning defilement constantly shifting and twisting as the hidden organ of her bladder deflates, draining its waste past plump, delectable cuntlips and splashing across my face as wild and refreshing as corn syrup and caramel coloring in a sodapop commercial. When confronted by atrocity or rapture, a dedicated film student's most immediate reaction is always to consider the problem of lighting the action for most dramatic effect.

She mentions that she does water colors, too. Well, consider my flesh your imperfect canvas, baby, your cunt hair as your camelhair brush, and piddle a few tentative paint strokes across this base medium that awaits your inspiration. I ask her what her real first name is.

My name is Mistress Messiah, she says again, sounding as tiresome as an answering machine message the second time around. She wears a pentagram, claims to worship the moon goddess, hip not just to these album-cover friendly fashions but to the theologic trends threading through the sunset of the century of steam, oil, gas, nuclear temptation. A few hesitant droplets sprinkle my face so lightly I almost think I've hallucinated them. I feel the vibrations of her thighs quivering with the effort of letting go. I wonder how mortified she'd be, how delighted and amused I'd be, if she farted right now. The final absurd touch. She doesn't.

Instead she gets up, stalks around, apologizes profusely, then leaves the room, with me lying there alone on the floor, on my back, head propped up in the portable toilet, pillowed by the crackling forest-colored folds of a garbage bag meant to contain the anticipated trickles of pungent gold. She comes back with a glass of this time warm water, chugs it down. No, dear, I didn't mean for you to *drink* it! Oh, well. I settle in for the long haul, comfortable enough there on the firm, carpeted floor of the dungeon, inhaling the scent of her genitals.

When the long-anticipated moment finally occurs, it takes us both by surprise, her cheeks flexing in recoil as her urine immediately splatters up my unprotected nostrils and roils in

over my lips and down my tongue. For a precious, experience-wasting moment I give in to my natural reaction and shut my mouth, but then open it trembling and wide to receive the latter, even more bitter portion of her flow. After all, this is what I've been waiting the last twenty minutes to do.

I'M TORN BETWEEN THE ANIMAL IMMEDIACY OF THE situation and the more discreet echoes. The urine is something like a drug, provoking me to vividly flash on summer days frolicking in the surf at the Jersey shore, allowing my body to be buffeted by the waves, tasting the salty green waters of the Atlantic on my tongue, the olfactory nerves reeling with the muscular stench of brine. I feel similarly helpless at the hands of nature as the shock of her pee cascading down engulfs and engages my senses. I don't feel the floor beneath me; the invasion of her urine is a total distraction from any other stimulus. I never become hard, though; any sexual pleasure I experience is purely intellectual, and the physical shock something more overall sensuous than genitalia-centered.

I do smell her pee for the next few hours, after I've left the parlor and returned to my apartment—even longer, I'd imagine, than any traces of it actually remain in my sinuses. Only now does it seem disgusting. I rinse my nose out with water, drink several heavily sugared soft drinks, but still the phantom stink remains. Eventually I'm rewarded with a brief trickle of blood, after I burst a vein with my constant snuffling and blowing of my nose in a continual attempt to rid myself of its persistent ghost.

For just a moment during this process, sitting at home on my couch, swilling a Pepsi and watching television, I feel that I've demeaned myself, that I've done something outrageous for which there can be no excuse or proper explanation, something that only a hopeless and deranged specimen would willingly participate in, much less pay to have performed upon himself. Something animalistic and nonsensical. That sensation indeed offers up a gentle thrill, and I giggle to myself, now perhaps truly coming to understand something of the masochistic mindset. But, I decide to myself, I really would have much rather eaten her pussy. And there's nothing good on television tonight, either.

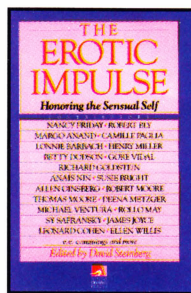


David Aaron Clark reviews S&M parlors, sex videos and many other aspects of the porn industry as senior editor of SCREW magazine.



© Eric Kroll

Books

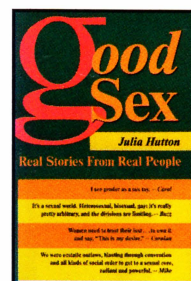


The Erotic Impulse

edited by David Steinberg
Jeremy P. Tarcher, \$13.95

An indispensable reader for today's sexual evolutionary, *The Erotic Impulse* assembles many essential writings by those who intend to drag our collective sexual attitudes kicking and screaming into the 21st century. The contributors range from leather-clad sex radicals to earnest therapists, gay and lesbian sexual outlaws, hip journalists, novelists, poets, pop psychologists, renegade Christians, just plain folks and even a monk. There are paeans to physical pleasure, searching self-examinations, explorations of erotic frontiers, confessions, philosophizing, arguments, poetry, autobiography and more than a few stirring manifestos on such subjects as the role of sex in self-definition, the differences between men and women, the dangers of sexual repression, pornography and feminism, s/m, masturbation, the roots of erotic fantasy and sex as a spiritual quest. Although *The Erotic Impulse* is part of "The New Consciousness Reader Series," skeptics take note: Steinberg has kept the woo-woo New Ageism to a minimum and compiled an anthology that should inspire plenty of thought and, hopefully, genuine sexual adventure.

—Laura Miller



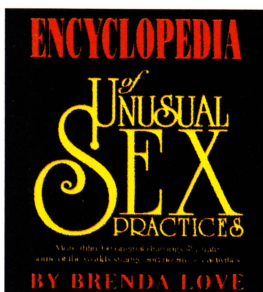
Good Sex

Julia Hutton
Cleis Press, \$12.95

Radio journalist Julia Hutton interviewed 80 people about their sex lives, and these 62 verbal sketches are the laudable result. They're records of real people talking about what they do and why and what it feels like. In the struggle to bring sexual mores closer to the actual needs and practices of human beings, description (saying how things are) must come before prescription (saying how they should be). The rules emanating

from elite power centers must be opposed with a body of clear, anecdotal evidence of what it is really like to be a human being engaging in sex. Eventually *what is* will overcome ideology. Ideology triumphs over what is by hiding *what is* under its blanket. When what is gets a hard-on, the blanket of ideology is tented, and we begin to see what is precisely by what hides it. It's easy to see how fluid the idea of gender is when cross-dressing interviewee Cybelle says, "When I was dressing up frequently as 'Alan' I stopped having my periods for a while. . . The male part of me fell for the female part of my husband. . . his persona 'Deborah'." Now a large part of our sex life is relating as Alan and Deborah." Ah, sweet engorging biology! It's one thing to hear a doctor say that anal sex with a condom can be safe. It's another to hear a practitioner who is neither a writer nor an advocate, describe the sensation of being filled—the spiritual dimension, the nexus of desire and experience. In a world that needs more description and less prescription, this book is a healthy beginning.

—Cary Tennis



The Encyclopedia of Unusual Sexual Practices

Brenda Love
Barricade Books, \$29.95

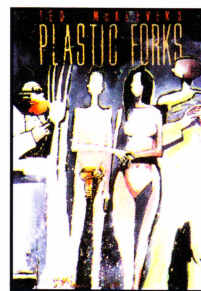
Will learning an unpronounceable word for your desires do your sex life any good? I'm a cynophilic martymachil-iaist! Sounds like a disease to me.

The last thing we need is a rewrite of *Psychopathia Sexualis*, the 19th century tome listing all the perverse sex-styles psychologist Krafft-Ebing could find in the asylums of Europe. Brenda Love's work crosses Krafft-Ebing with John Money (a contemporary sexologist reknown for his old-fashioned theories) to update sexploitation for the 90s. Marketed to shock and titillate *authoritatively*, this book uses an encyclopedia format with entries covering "Abduction" through "Zoophilia." It's complete with illustrations by underground comix artists Phoebe Gloeckner and Paul Mavrides, but fans might think talents are wasted on the postage stamp-size drawings of inflated testicles and nipple jewelry. The air of

pseudo-authority is enhanced by unwieldy Greek- or Latin-derived names; this style of presentation distances the reader, making sexual behaviors, usual or not, into objects of leering and pointing. Reading with raised eyebrows, some will use it to justify demonizing and harassing people on the basis of their sexual practices.

Love appears to have been a wide-eyed and uncritical researcher. In fact, many entries are neither unusual nor behaviors, such as "Heterosexuals." Some of her information is frankly false: The entry "Anal Play" which begins by warning that it is a high risk behavior for HIV transmission, is only partly true. Anal intercourse can be, but dildo play is quite safe. "Voyeurism" does not even suggest that it can be consensual. Much more of Love's information comes from dubious or unacknowledged sources. Is her information correct? We don't know. But many readers will not even ask that question.

—Carol Queen



Plastic Forks

Ted McKeever
Graphitti Designs, \$39.95

From the striking wraparound cover to the highly detailed title pages, Ted McKeever's *Plastic Forks* is a graphic novel worthy of the most prestigious coffeetables. A quick flip through this 300-page story serves up ample portions of wildly expressive draughtsmanship, boldly painted colors and compositions that enhance the film-noir qualities of the book without calling too much attention to themselves at the cost of the story.

Dr. Henry Apt is the anti-hero of *Plastic Forks*, a man who lives in the morally ambiguous world of medical experimentation. He and his colleague Albert Finger have developed a way to end sexual intercourse forever. By stimulating the pineal gland and replacing the genitalia with a machine called the Electro-Pinealator, a race of self-replicating eunuchs can be brought forth to repopulate the world, thus avoiding the messy and unpredictable process of human sexual contact.

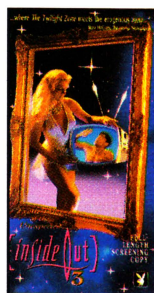
All is going according to plan until a bizarre "accident" causes the implantation of an Electro-Pinealator in the groin of Dr. Apt. He's less than thrilled about his new role in the experiments and decides that flight is preferable to forced convalescence in a hospital. He meets an ex-Air Force pilot along the way and the two wage war on those who would use people for their own needs and discard them, "like plastic forks."

All attempts at investigating the questions raised about the roles of sex in high-tech society are abandoned for a typically bland sci-fi/adventure story. Chase-scenes, shoot-'em-ups, and macho one-liners (like the scene in which Dr. Apt points a hefty nuclear-mortar at his enemies and says, "Excuse me, can I show you something in your size?") appear to replace the eerie and introspective tone of the earlier chapters. It's a shame too, because much could be said about science's attitudes toward life, human and animal alike, as well as the idea of sex for pleasure versus sex for reproduction. McKeever's skills as an artist are surely up to the task, but his writing falls sadly short in its lack of focus.

If good graphics make a meal for you, than *Plastic Forks* serves up a feast. But if you hunger for a more complete diet, try a sturdier utensil.

—Paul Kimball

Film/Video



Inside Out 1, 2 & 3

Playboy Video Enterprises
\$79.95 each

Each of these videos contains nine ten-minute stories, many by directors of recognized talent, intended to combine the Playboy "aesthetic" with the bizarre-fable format of *The Twilight Zone*.

Classic cable fare, *Inside Out* is strictly softcore—no genitals and with decidedly better acting and photography than most hardcore. Some of the tales are genuinely engaging and even disturbing, but often sex

plays only a tenuous role in the proceedings—a flash of tits at best in a story that's really about the perils of ambition or how prejudice is a really, really bad thing. The humor, as a rule, seems flat or strained, reminiscent of *Playboy* magazine's tedious "Party Jokes" column, but a few—about a woman's campily elaborate masturbatory fantasy and a guy with a cardboard girlfriend—manage to elicit some laughs. Others conjure up visions of earnest 50s sci-fi TV, in which a computer falls in love with a woman or the earth is ruled by fascist aliens.

As a rule, the more plot-driven, the less sex. One stunning exception is "The Diaries" in which a married couple's Machiavellian sexual intrigues fan the embers of fading desire. This—and the handful of others that actually depict adult sexuality—tend to throw the callowness of the other entries into stark relief. As a general rule, the closer *Playboy's* centerfolds are to your idea of beautiful women, the better your chances of finding *Inside Out* a thought-provoking piece of entertainment.

—Laura Miller



Love Crimes

Directed by Lizzie Borden

HBO Video

Sean Young's slick-haired Dana the D.A. toys with genderfuck in *Love Crimes*, a movie that gives it to you up the mind. Naked bedding-down scenes are few but the tooling of arousal, fear and power permeates everything. *Love Crimes* delivers sex through fantasy—and a violent design.

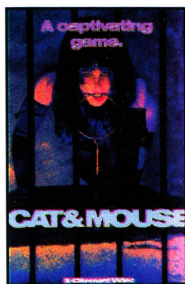
A criminally perverse photographer, played by Patrick Bergin in his usual deliberate beady-eyed manner, manipulates women to pose and submit to sex because they want to be taken. All the women press charges but soon drop them after verbalizing and reveling in his technique. These women were disgusted and now they are smiling...smirking.

Enter Dana, who as a child witnessed her father performing sexual games with other women, and as punishment for spying was put in a closet. Hence, Dana is claustrophobic, repulsed by men, frigid and, naturally, compulsively drawn to Bergin's Jack. She is shrill: "I don't like being touched. I hate the feeling of a man inside me. Did I fuck my boss? Yes, I did. Did I like it? No, I didn't. Do I have orgasms? No. Never!"

Director Lizzie Borden, who handled sex so well in *Working Girls*, misses, in true Hollywood style, much of the subtlety of the tension in Young and Bergin's frustration. Although Young's voice and gestures fall shallow in some scenes, the characters' troubles and restraints are so thick that the actors convincingly captivate.

Love Crimes dares women and men to confront and play out their perversities in their heads and in their beds.

—Allison Diamond



Cat and Mouse

Directed by Michael Craig

X-Citement Video

In the morass of dreck which dominates commercial porn, director and writer Michael Craig has managed to keep his nose above offal level with a series of erotic thrillers which rival the current spate of similar, R-rated Hollywood products for verve and bite. Craig's *Cat and Mouse* cannily explores dominance and submission taken to radical, psychotic lengths, and does so without a glimpse of bondage gear. Raven-tressed Jeanna Fine

provides an inspired, disturbingly sexy portrait of a sociopathic nymphomaniac who, with sidekick Brandy Alexandre, specializes in ushering unsuspecting strangers into new realms of sexuality—whether they want to make the trip or not. The pair invades the happy, if vanilla, home of Scott Irish and Cassidy, first with a series of obscene phone calls that Irish, the slightly bored hubby, doesn't hang up on quite quickly enough. His hesitation is all the invitation Fine and Alexandre need; soon they've slipped into the couple's middle-class bedroom and begin to wreak havoc.

One brilliantly tense, erotic scene has a blindfolded Cassidy submitting to Fine's oral teases—she thinks the tongue belongs to her husband, who is actually sitting impotently by, watching his wife being seduced by the dangerous stranger who has taken charge of his home.

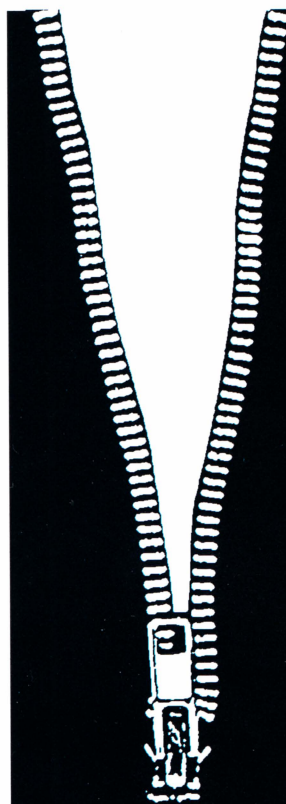


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Craig's adroit pacing and camera work, along with a carefully selected, talented cast, bring a level of quality back to porn which has been lacking in all but a handful of directors' work since the 1970s. Other recommended Craig tapes include *Seduction of Mary* and *Betrayal*.

—David Aaron Clark



Sluts and Goddesses Video Workshop

Annie Sprinkle and Maria Beatty

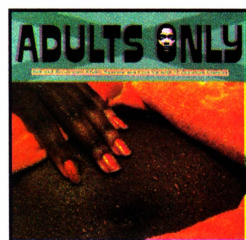
50 minutes, \$40, Available at Good Vibrations

S The *Sluts and Goddesses Video Workshop* is co-produced and directed by its star Annie Sprinkle, a veteran of over 15 years in the sex industry, where she worked as a pin-up model, porn star and prostitute. Combine Sprinkle's history with her current interest in the human potential movement and you'll have an idea of this video's unique character. Subtitled "How to Be a Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps," *Sluts and Goddesses* reproduces Sprinkle's "transformational seminar" on the intergration of women's spirituality and sexuality. Men, however, will also find it a pleasure to watch—not to mention an eye-opening glimpse at what women are capable of sexually.

Sprinkle introduces the video in a glowing, computer-generated aura, cheerfully promising that, if you follow the exercises, "You will be happier and healthier, improve your sex life and even create miracles and attain enlightenment." Touching on such practices as ritual body painting, tattoos, hot safe sex, group masturbation, female ejaculation, chanting, deep breathing and more, Sprinkle and seven other women lead their viewers on an explicit tour of female sensuality. At one point, two women stimulate Sprinkle with hands, vibrators and lips, while she experiences a five-minute orgasm—timed by an on-screen clock. *Sluts and Goddesses* heroically blends many things often thought of as opposites—heart and mind, education and pleasure, sex and the soul, divinities and whores—and blazes a trail to the revelation that sex and spirituality are two sides of the same coin.

—Bob Zelman

Recordings



Adults Only

Various Artists

Trojan Records, London

S Come....come inside.

Adults Only beckons you to "Rub and scrub your khaki, squeeze and love up!" This collection of reggae and ska is full of Jamaican dance and grind rhythms and the sweetest-ever nasty talk. Max Romeo, Lee Perry, Lloydie & The Lowbites and Kid

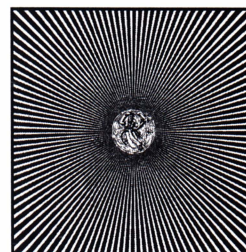
Gungo are some of the artists contributing their erotic classics.

With titles like: "Hold The Pussy," "Wet Dream," "Open Up" and "Birth Control," no apologies are needed. These singers aren't lounging, they're grooving and they're tempting you to do the same. *Mmm mmm nice* pleads Fay to Charlie Ace on "Punanny," *If I bite you, do it same way. Mmm ahh...*

There's loose lurid moaning in "Sexy Sadie," cozy horn-prancing in "Hold The Pussy," positive loving in "Fat Fat Girl," and plenty of sexual directions: *Lover, kiss up, move up, shake it now and take, take it easy...rub, rub it easy.*

You'll want to wank or worm with your mate when listening to this island blast. From the slow motion ease to the steady funk pounce, *Adults Only* isn't about rosy romance or seething passion. The lights are on when you're playing these sexy games and your body feels like warm honey dripping from a pogo stick.

—Allison Diamond



Kendra Smith Presents the Guild of Temporal Adventurers

Kendra Smith,

Fiasco Records

S There is a stillness to the music of *The Guild of Temporal Adventurers*. Kendra Smith, former bass-player for The Dream Syndicate and singer for the band Opal, officially "presents" this record, and she is indeed its most riveting presence. Her voice

the Hot Cool Unwatchable in X-rated VIDEO

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SEDUCTION OF MARY (VCA): Michael Craig's kinky, elegant first 35mm film seems almost the work of a hardcore Hitchcock or DePalma, but suffers from a weak central performance by Victoria Paris. A must-see at any rate.

THE SECRET GARDEN (X-Citement): Ona Zee lashes herself into an autoerotic frenzy over a stone pillar and a mail pouch full of gloves. The kind of film that makes you wonder if the director has ever actually seen a woman come. A definite miss.

RADICAL AFFAIRS VOL. 1-3 (Moonlight Entertainment): Satanic cherub J.B. hosts a humorous, in-joke magazine show that combines wacky sex-industry commentary with raunchy hardcore. It's worth watching lots of gonzo political rants from our host "on this sleigh ride to hell."

THE SWAP (Vivid): Deserving of a view, this vid resembles one of those painfully sincere TV movies exploring the issue du jour—in this case, infertility. The solid script, direction and performances suffer somewhat from the actors' lack of charisma. With Jennifer Stewart, Sharon Kane and the deeply unfortunate Jerry Butler.

THE MARK OF ZARA (X-Citement): Virtually content- and plot-free, this video showcases some ingenious kinkiness, but it only takes off when Jeanna Fine takes over—as she was clearly born to do.

LEARNING THE ROPES VOL. 1-5 (Ona Zee Productions): Porn star Ona Zee and her husband offer an extraordinary how-to series that demystifies the mechanics of consensual bondage play while retaining all the heat. Four stars for this bondage tutorial.

BLACK AND WHITE IN LIVING COLOR (Western Visuals): The surgically reconstructed Carolyn Monroe makes an effective Madonna clone in this glossy *Truth or Dare* parody that boasts plenty of hot interracial sex and house beats.

SINDERELLA, PART 1 (Vivid): If Walt Disney were to concoct a porn star, she'd look like Savannah. If a bunch of junior high kids with a super-8 camera were to make a porn film, it would look better than this over-hyped bid for the couples' market. Avoid like the plague.

PRETTY IN PEACH (Vivid): Christy Canyon's flesh is the equivalent of an idyllic stretch of rolling countryside. This 35mm film shows her at her best against just such a setting, as she portrays a young woman who thinks she prefers Nietzsche and Hegel to fucking and sucking. Check it out.

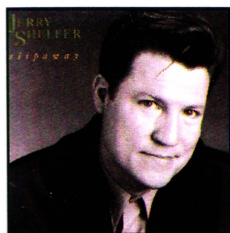
ALICE IN HOLLYWEIRD (Zane): Lame weirdness and hot sex coexist uncomfortably in this shot-on-video quickie. A disappointing effort from the usually dependable husband and wife team of Fred Lincoln and Patti Rhodes.

simultaneously soothes and excites, droning in a highly sensual monotone. The instrumentation is spare and smart, allowing Smith's voice the room it needs to spread out and form a heavy blanket over the listener. Alternately seductive, solemn and psychedelic, this music is the perfect soundtrack for a slow crawl through an opium den.

The album begins with a brief instrumental "interlude" (one of three found in select places throughout the album), followed by the sexy "Stars Are in Your Eyes." In what is easily the *Guild's* best offering, Smith melts the speakers with words that croon of longing and dreamy lust. The ceremonial quality of "Earth Same Breath" floats like a hymn into the stratosphere, while the song "Waiting in the Rain" resides on a cloud of childlike simplicity and melancholy. The instrumental "Iridescence 31" is a soaring piece for pump organ and harmonium, but its mood is destroyed by the grating and dissonant "interlude" that precedes the album's final track, the pretty but nonsensical "Wheel of the Law."

The clean and well-spaced production of *The Guild of Temporal Adventurers* opens the songs wide to include the listener in its deep folds. Wrap yourself, and someone else, in these sensuous sounds.

—Paul Kimball



slipaway

Jerry Sheller

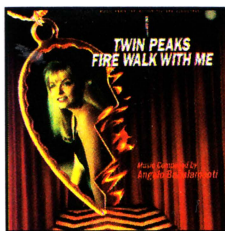
Heyday Records

Have you ever been in love? Felt lonely? Lain awake at night, wondering if it can last? Screwed up irrevocably? Felt like you might throw up at any moment? Sat by the phone and wondered why it didn't ring? So has Jerry Sheller. He proves it with *slipaway*, 13 songs of love, intimacy, passion and anguish.

This unabashedly love-obsessed singer/songwriter milks the l'amour theme shamelessly, leaving no passion-stone unturned: The first flush of ecstasy (*Your mama says you're too good for me/Did you tell her that angels cry when we're apart?*); the struggle to keep adulation alive (*Do you see me running and searching for any love I can find?*); and the seemingly inevitable losses that ache for years (*The only thing I can feel tonight/is a loneliness deep inside*).

Sheller celebrates the audio romance genre admirably, only occasionally lapsing into puppyish masculine self-pity. With a vocal range that slides easily from Orbison-esque highs to dulcet croons, Sheller's lyrics slip into the brainstem and cozily insinuate themselves, bleating like so many clamoring waifs. Thankfully, his unaffected craving is proficiently conveyed by the boys in the band, with classic guitar licks, Hammond organ and wispy drums. *slipaway* provides a consummate soundtrack for moments of both crisis and bliss. It serves equally well a cry-along-cuz-that-asshole-did-me-dirt song as it does a ha-ha-I'm-in-love-and-I'm-queasy-all-the-time anthem.

—Julene Snyder



Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me

Angelo Badalamenti/Julee Cruise and others
Warner Bros.

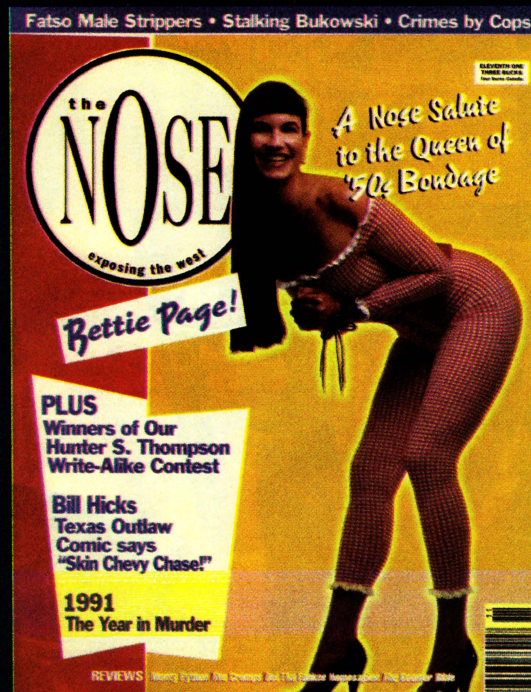
This soundtrack is a funhouse mirror providing a kinky musical accompaniment appropriate to any and all nefarious and sweaty leanings. The songs ebb and flow, each adding a deliberately shattered fragment, reflecting penetration's many refracted guises.

From the opening prelude (tailor-made for whispered promises atop acrylic bearskin rugs) to subsequent tracks that furnish a large dollop of sexy foreplay, this album is mood music with a capital Moo. Each track slickly builds the naughty aural tension, alternately tickling, probing, urging and exploding.

As in the movie of the same name, Lynchian weirdness runs rampant. Forced maniacal laughter alternates with horns that overshadow and drown out frequently disturbing lyrics, promising unimagined sweet torture. Drug-induced bad vibes pound mercilessly until the breathy voice of Julee Cruise invokes the initial TV *Twin Peaks* theme. Cruise plays a peripheral role here, pushed into the background by lazy xylophones that suggest two-in-the-morning-last-chance-for-romance-now-or-never nights.

Vague and blatant intimations of ugliness, futility and yearning are cleverly integrated in various recurring themes, providing more than enough yang to complement all that sticky yin. Here is an album that serves up music suitable for dreams, romance, play or knock-down-take-no-prisoners bar brawls—leaving only the faintest cloying scent of slightly decayed rose.

—Julene Snyder



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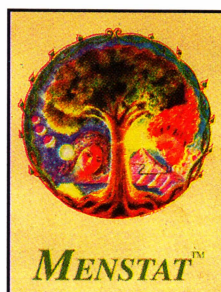
She's blonde with a honey smile and a drop of Southern accent. She tells you her name, that she's 24 years old and measures 34-24-36. And she works on a Quadra at NASA. Now *that* gets you going.

Bare Assets CD ROM features

"QuickieTime" movies and color photos of four Florida models who pose, strip, and talk about their Macs. Click open the stack and you get eight images. Click on the head shot and she tells you the basics in her most wholesome Miss Americaspeak. Choose one of the six still images (24-or 8-bit) and see her up close in a come-hither pose. Or watch the movie where she's splashing in the waves and peeling it all off to some rock n' roll.

The emphasis here is on Girl-Next-Door. Fresh-faced, nice bod, megabyte literate and of course, playfully sexy. The strip routines are conventional softcore, however, and never offer even a hint of raw lust. But the bigger bummer is that interactivity is limited. There's no hypertext with which to probe her lobe (or other spots) and no controls to resize the photos to full screen. Keyboard junkies will be left cold. Thong bikini enthusiasts, on the other hand, will be totally plugged in.

—I. Castle



Menstat 2.0

Sudona

Requirements: System 6, Hypercard 2.1, \$99

On March 13, 1993, I'm going to be very horny. I'm going to eat a lot of chocolate, lose my temper at noon, and to need to lie down around eight o'clock. And in case you were wondering, the juice in my pussy will be exceptionally creamy.

I am quite confident all these events will come to pass because I am using some extraordinary software called Menstat, the first software create by and for women to monitor their men-

strual cycles and the physical/emotional events that accompany periods. Using the Menstat calendar a woman can mark down all the events that commonly accompany her cycle. The user can create her own event list, which means that in addition to "bleeding" or "ovulation," you can enter "pigging out" or "total bitch." Menstat then meditates on your entries and estimates whether they're cyclically connected and, if so, when you may be experiencing the same events in the future. Menstat can also track basal body temperature and vaginal mucus quality, making this an ideal tool for couples who are trying to conceive, as well as a very accurate guide for natural birth-control.

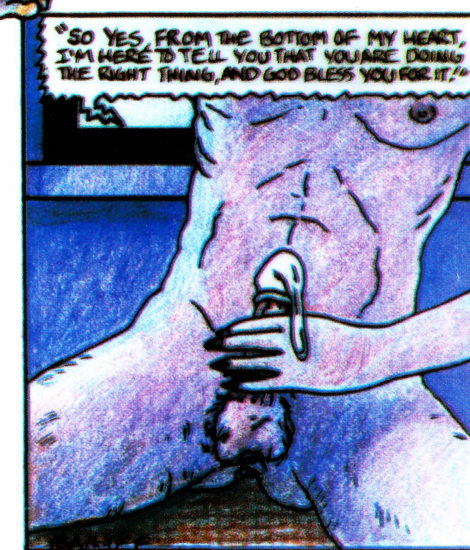
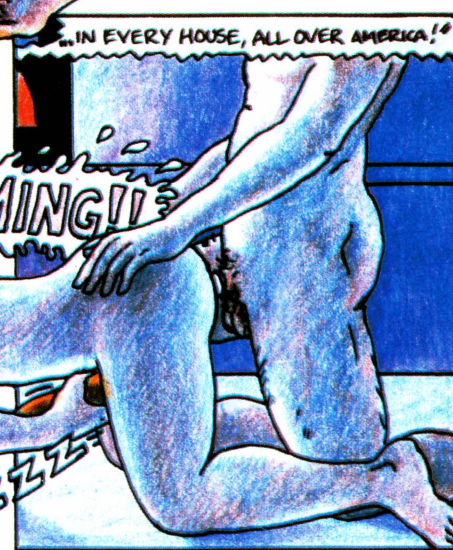
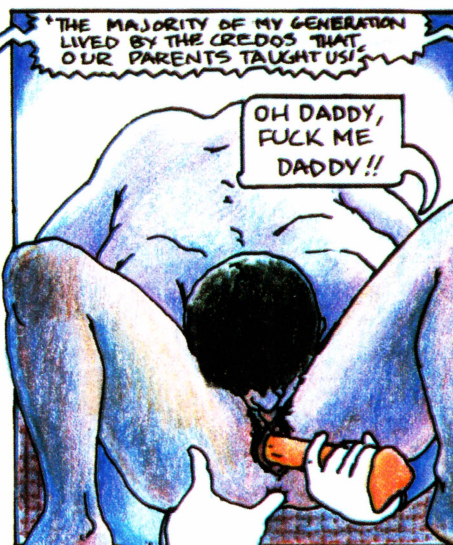
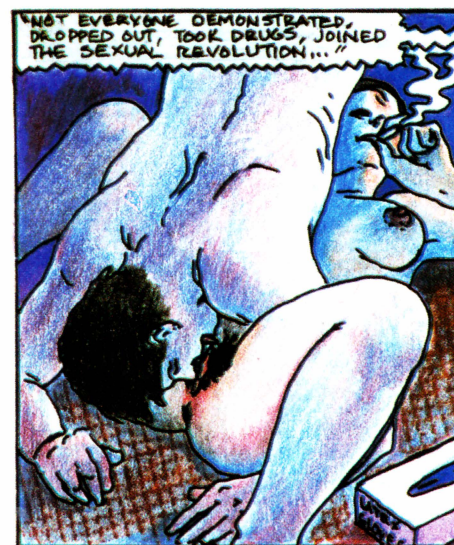
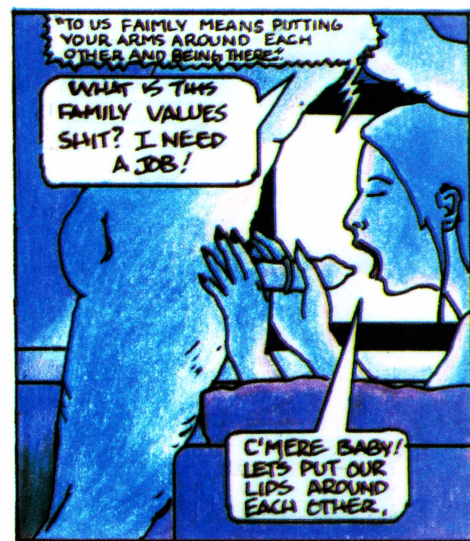
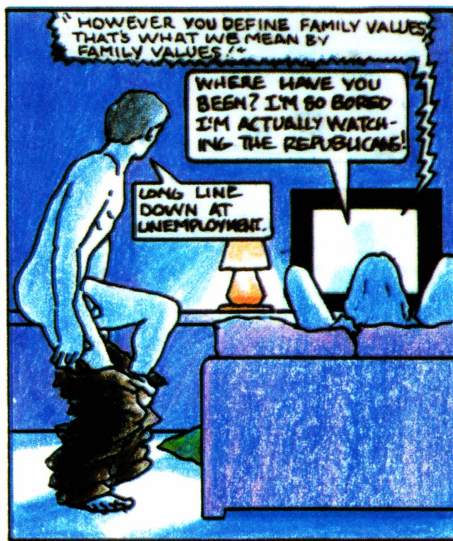
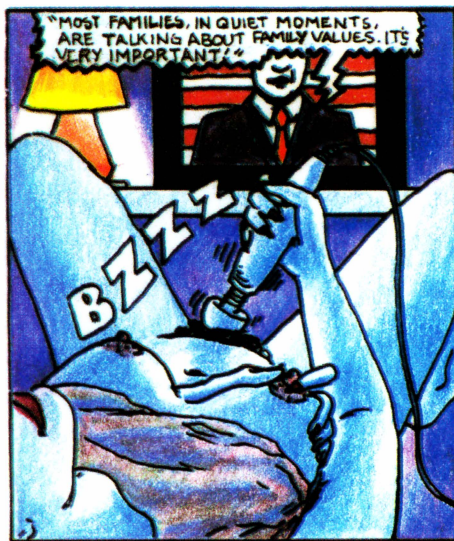
I found myself clicking on events like "drank alcohol," not because Menstat can predict when I'm going to have my next beer, but because I wanted to see if my urge to drink also coincided with, say, lower back pain or some change in my libido. Because this software gives the user an easy way to document medical history, it has tremendous implications for health care. How many times do we find ourselves going along with drugs and routines that a doctor prescribes without taking into account the particulars of our day-to-day health and habits? In the early days of women's lib, the battle cry was, "With my speculum I can fight the medical establishment!" illustrated by Wonder Woman with her arm—and instrument—raised high. Now we can click a mouse when our hormones move us, and make an illuminating and empowering difference.

—Susie Bright

FAMILY VALUES NIGHT



Bailiff

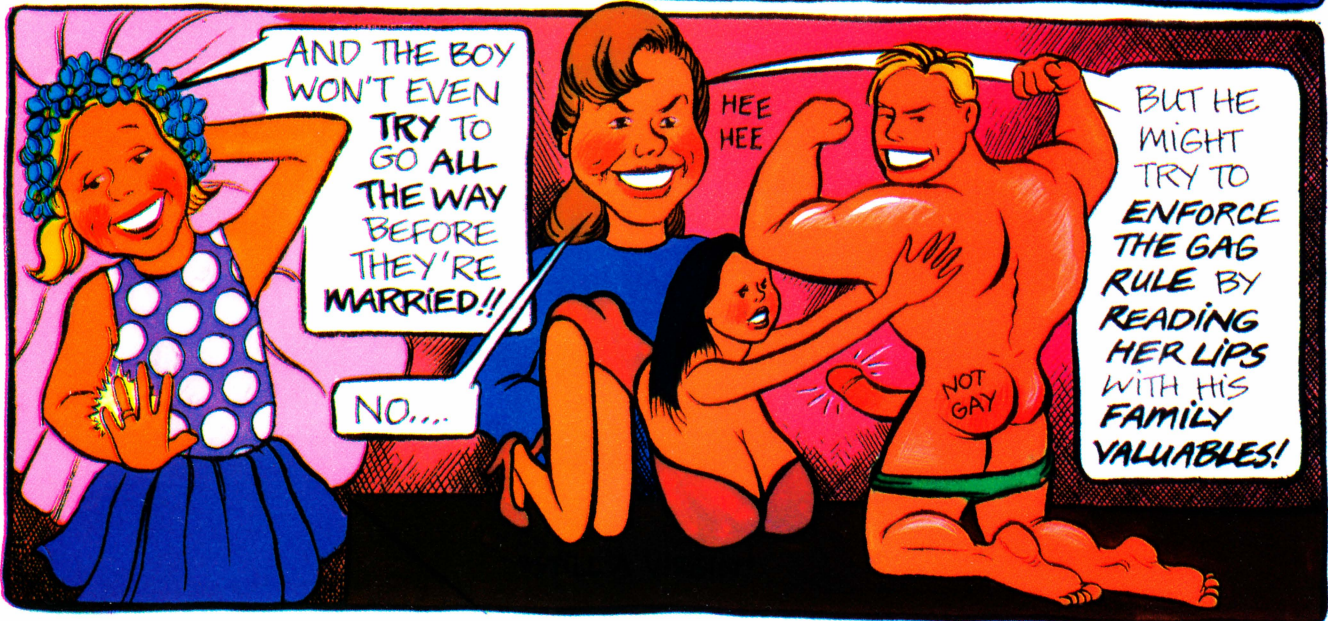
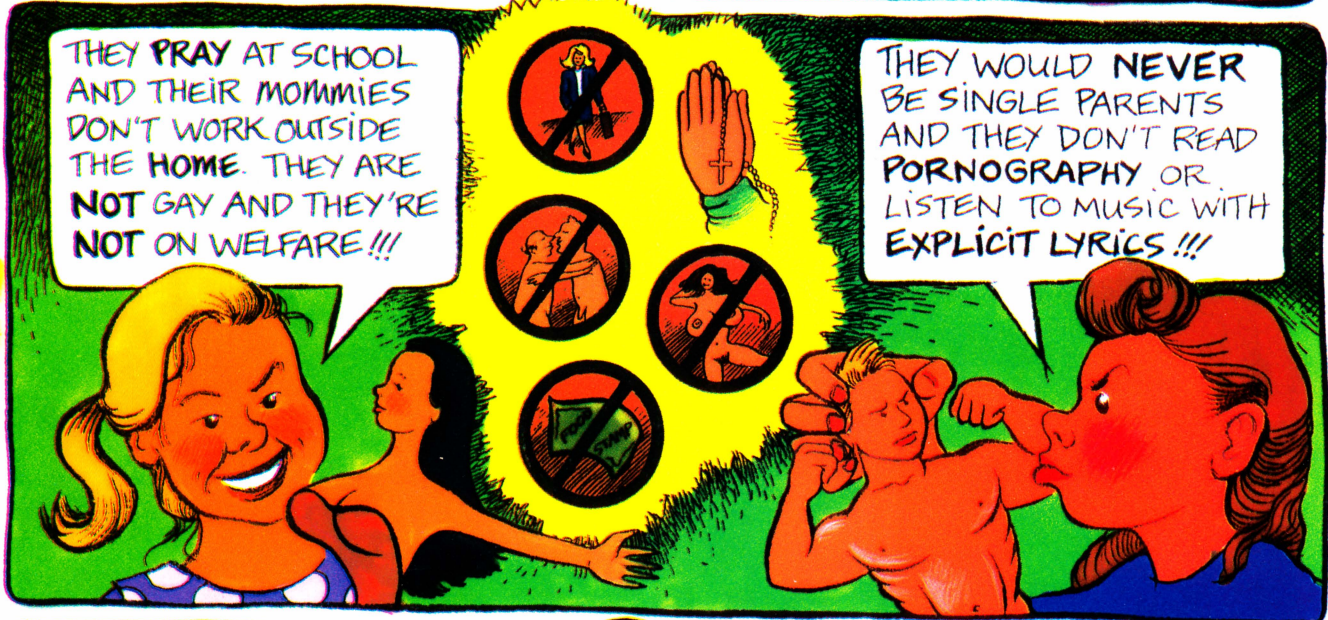
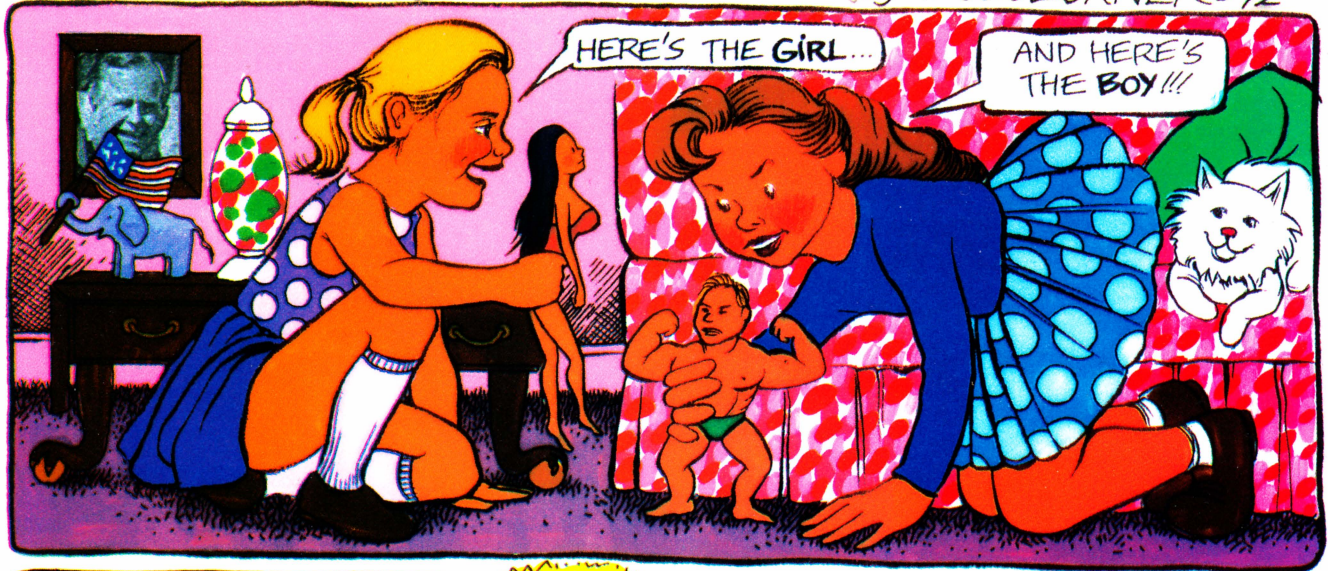


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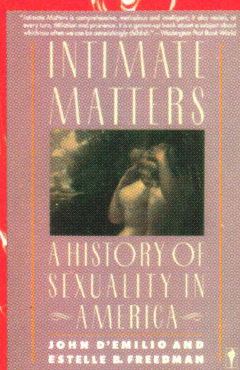
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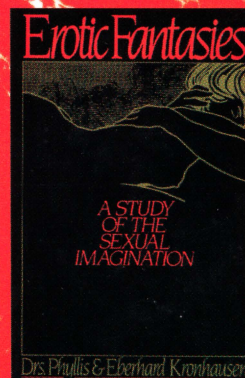
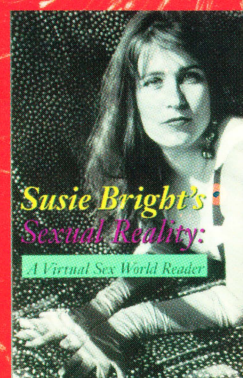


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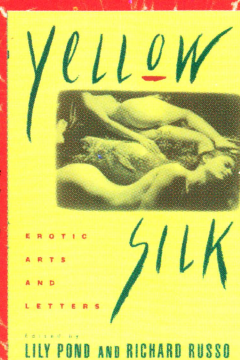
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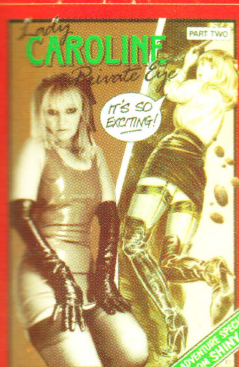
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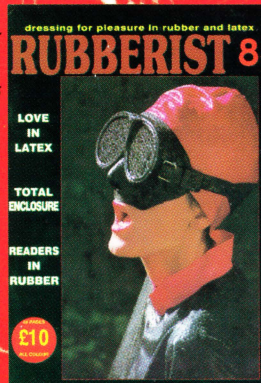


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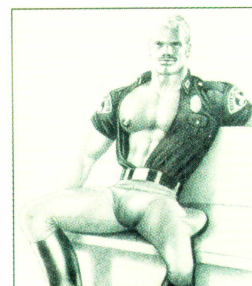


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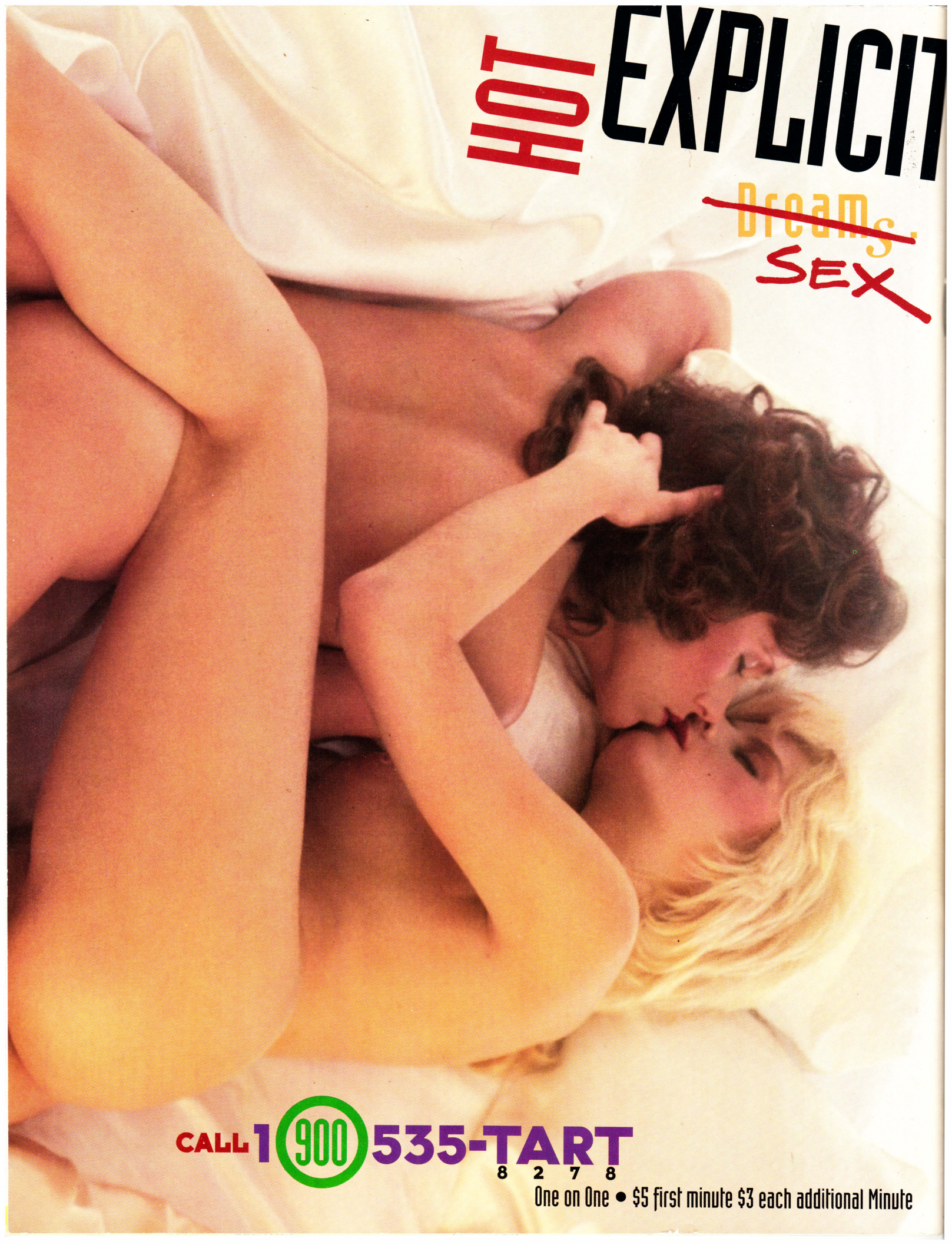
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